DENT'S CANADIAN HISTORY READERS

D. J. DICKIE

WHEN CANADA WAS YOUNG

BOOK FIVE

TORONTO
J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD.

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.

224 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHY READERS

By D. J. DICKIE

Almost every schoolroom contains three classes of students: a large group of average pupils and smaller groups of sub-average and of very bright minds. The teacher naturally, perhaps rightly, spends the larger part of her time with the average and the slow-minded, leaving the clever children pretty much to themselves. It is in the hope of helping to provide supplementary reading, interesting and stimulating, for the average and the clever child, that these fully illustrated Readers are being issued.

Book I: Letters to Grade I	50*c.*
Book II: The Book of Wonders	55*c.*
Book III: How Canada Was Made	65*c.*
Book IV: Boys and Girls of Many Lands	75*c.*

CANADIAN HISTORY READERS

By D. J. DICKIE

Canadian History lends itself especially well to being divided into periods. The material has been grouped and arranged with a view to giving the *young readers* not only a chronological outline of the facts, but, what is perhaps even more important, the *atmosphere* of each period. The volumes provide a valuable survey of Canadian History from the romantic and social points of view.

All About Canada for Little Folks,	50*c.*	When Canada was Young	85*c.*
All About Indians	55*c.*	In Pioneer Days	95*c.*
How Canada was Found	65*c.*	The Canadian West	$1.00
The Long Trail	75*c.*	How Canada Grew up	1.00

Generously illustrated in colour and black and white.

Also Gift Book Edition, suitable for prizes, $9.25 *the set; individual prices on application.*

CANADIAN JUNIOR GEOGRAPHY

By GEO. A. CORNISH, B.A. Drama, stories, puzzles, and games, as well as such novel devices as "geographical pepper and salt," are used to lend interest to the presentation of the geography covered in Canadian schools. With numerous illustrations in colours and black and white. Sq. Medium 8vo. $1.00.

THE VOICE OF CANADA

By A. M. STEPHEN. A selection of prose and poetry from the best Canadian authors, specially adapted for school use. Artistically illustrated. Cloth gilt. Small Crown 8vo. 40 *cents.*

CANADIAN FOLK SONGS OLD AND NEW

By J. MURRAY GIBBON. Translations of selected "chansons" of old France and Quebec, set to the original melodies sung by peasants, voyageurs and lumbermen for centuries. This is a typically Canadian book. With decorations by Frank H. Johnston. Demy 8vo. $1.50.

SILENT STUDY READERS

By R. S. SHERMAN, E. W. REID, and H. G. McKENZIE. Particularly suited to the needs of Canadian schools because their subject matter is drawn largely from Canadian life, Canadian natural history, and Canadian poetry. Comprehension tests, and, in the Teachers' Manuals, instruction in silent reading technique, suggested lesson plans, and word-drill. Profusely illustrated. Descriptive circular on application.

	Grade	*Pupils' Edition*	*Teachers' Edition*
Book I:	Grade I, Junior First	45*c.*	65*c.*
Book II:	Grade II, Senior First	55*c.*	75*c.*
Book III:	Grade III, Junior Second	65*c.*	$1.00
Book IV:	Grade IV, Senior Second	70*c.*	1.00
Book V:	Grade V, Junior Third	70*c.*	1.00
Book VI:	Grade VI, Senior Third	70*c.*	1.00

Gift Edition, Book I., Wild Folk and their Ways, 75*c.*

GOLDEN TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE

Chosen by A. M. STEPHEN. This anthology includes the work of twenty-five Canadian poets and, in addition to biographical notes on each, a brief sketch of the development of Canadian literature. Small Crown 8vo. $1.00

Gift Edition, leather bound, $1.50.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL READER

By R. S. SHERMAN and E. W. REID. A book about Canada —not history, not formal geography, not theory of government— rather a clear, ample, and vivid description of man's life and activities throughout our Dominion, the only adequate training for citizenship! Such has been for years the demand of teachers, to meet which this book has been planned. 83 illustrations. $1.25.

Printed in Great Britain at the Temple Press, Letchworth, Herts (Bj 428)

Phyllis C. Burnett
Victoria, B.C.

BOOK V

WHEN CANADA WAS YOUNG

WHEN CANADA WAS YOUNG

BY

D. J. DICKIE

TORONTO
J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.

All rights reserved

PREFACE

It is scarcely necessary to say that no original research has been done in preparing these stories, though the facts have been checked and re-checked by reference to as many writers as possible. I am indebted to Mr. George Gale for both material and pictures; to Mr. Lemoine for descriptions of many quaint customs of French-Canadian life; and to the Sisters of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec for their help in gathering the material for the story of "Mother Marie," and their kind permission to take the pictures of the convent. Other debts for pictures, maps, and material are acknowledged in the text and bibliography. The stories have been read and discussed in the Normal Practice grades; we hope that other boys and girls will like them.

D. J. DICKIE.

Calgary, *October*, 1925.

First Edition . . . 1925
Revised 1927

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	5
BIBLIOGRAPHY	5
THE BEGINNING OF CANADA	7
CHAMPLAIN'S PLAN	9
THE FIRST CHURCH	10
THE FIRST FARMER	12
THE FIRST WEDDING	14
O FIRST TIME	16
MADAME CHAMPLAIN	17
CHAMPLAIN'S TROUBLES	19
THE GREAT INDIAN FAIR	21
QUEBEC TOTTERING	26
TANCREDE	28
THE COMPANY OF ONE HUNDRED ASSOCIATES	39
ABRAHAM MARTIN	42
HOW CANADA WAS LOST	44
CHAMPLAIN	47
DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN	48
THE FIRST SCHOOL	50
MOTHER MARIE	51
THE FIRST HOSPITAL	57
BUILDING MONTREAL	58
JEANNE MANCE	61
PILOT	63
THE BUILDING SOCIETIES	65
PAR MENDA	66
LAMBERT CLOSSE	68
MAISONNEUVE	70
GENTLEMEN OF THE SEMINARY	74
MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS' SCHOOL	76
THE PARISH CHURCH	78
DOLLARD	79
THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT	81
RADISSON AND GROSSEILLERS	85
THE BRANDY WAR	87
THE EARTHQUAKE, 1663	89
TRUMPETS AND DRUMS	91
MAISONNEUVE'S FAREWELL	94
TALON	96
NEW SETTLERS	97
GETTING SETTLED	99
THE MODEL FARM	101
WIVES FOR HOMESTEADERS	103
CANADA BEGINS TO TRADE	108
FREE TRADE	110
TALON SETTLES THE RICHELIEU	111
THE SEIGNEURS	113
THE CENSITAIRES	114
THE SEIGNIORY	117
THE BAKE-OVEN	119
THE GRIST MILL	120
ST. MARTIN'S DAY	122
HABITANT HOMES	130
ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON	131
MAY DAY	134
BRULÉ'S ADVENTURE	136
A CANADIAN BARON	138
DURANTAYE	140
POOR AND PROUD	142
COUREURS DE BOIS	143
NICHOLAS PERROT	145
TALON AND THE GREAT WEST	146
THE SMUGGLER	149
FRONTENAC	159
CANADA IN 1672	160
THE FIGHTING GOVERNOR	161
THE GREAT COUNCIL	163
FRONTENAC AND PERROT	164
"THE RAT" MAKES MISCHIEF	166
FRONTENAC TO THE RESCUE	167
SIR WILLIAM PHIPS	168
FRONTENAC RECEIVES	170
FRONTENAC LAYS DOWN HIS SWORD	177
MAKING A CANOE	179
HOMESPUN	181
CADIEUX	182
MAKING MAPLE SUGAR	184
THE CALVARY	187
A MORNING IN COURT	188
THE SNOWSHOE MAKER	196
THE SNOWSHOER	197
MARIE ANGE'S WEDDING	198
THE CALECHE	200
OLD-TIME JOURNEYS	203
MARKETING IN OLD QUEBEC	205
THE CHÂTEAU ST. LOUIS	209
THE WOMEN OF NEW FRANCE	211
STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ	213
CARD MONEY	214
INTENDANT BIGOT	215
MONTCALM	218
JAMES WOLFE	221

LIST OF COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

	facing
The Louise Basin, Quebec	7
Village in Quebec.	10
Squaw Drying Meat	33
Sous le Fort Street	48
An Acadian Village	65
Habitant Homes	80
The Habitant	115
Ancient Seigniory in Quebec	126
The Fortress Cliff, Quebec	163
Market Day	174
Procession to Ste. Anne de Beaupré	213
House in Old Quebec	220

BIBLIOGRAPHY

History of Montreal, by Atherton.
Seigneurs of Old Canada, by W. B. Munroe.
Sights and Shrines of Montreal, by Lighthall.
Maids and Matrons of New France, by Pepper.
Old Quebec, by Gilbert Parker.
Canadian Types of the Old Régime, by Colby.
History of Quebec, by Sulte.
In the Heart of Old Canada, by Wood.
Laval, by de Brumath.
The Great Intendant, by Chapais.
Histoire populaire de Montreal, by de Brumath.
La Vie de Maisonneuve, by Rousseau.
The Fight for Canada, by Wood.
British America, by Murray.
Quebec Past and Present, by Lemoine.
Maple Leaves, by Lemoine.
Picturesque Quebec, by Lemoine.
From My Quebec Scrap-book, by Fairchild.
The Jesuits in North America, by Parkman.
Frontenac, by Parkman.
The Fighting Governor, by Colby.
Quebec 'twixt Old and New, by Gale.
Historic Tales of Old Quebec, by Gale.
Canada and Its Provinces—New France.
Champlain's Voyages, translated by Anne Nettleton Bourne.
The Jesuit Relations.

THE LOUISE BASIN, QUEBEC.

WHEN CANADA WAS YOUNG

THE BEGINNING OF CANADA

For thirty years after Champlain began his little town at the foot of the cliff, the story of Quebec is the story of Canada, for during those years Quebec was all there was of our country. Between 1609 and 1615 Champlain opened three fur-trading posts: at Tadoussac, at Three Rivers, and at Lachine; but these, at first, were used in the trading season only, the traders going out in the spring to meet the Indians, and returning with their cargoes to Quebec.

Cartier had passed his first winter (1535–6) snugly tucked away up the Saint Charles at the mouth of the Lairet; and his second (1541–2) in the cosy harbour of Cap Rouge. It was like Champlain to refuse all such shelters, and to plant his town on that tip of land where Canada runs out a bold tongue at the majestic St. Lawrence.

Around the edge of the tongue there was a strip of sand; then a broader strip of green; then the cliff, Cape Diamond, towering two hundred feet into the air. It was July when they came there. Waves of daisies, buttercups, and blue vetch climbed gayly among the rocks to the very top of the precipice. Great walnut trees stood close together in the green strip; and many kinds of grain and fruit grew wild in their shade. Champlain said he had found no place so beautiful.

THE "HABITATION" STOOD ON THE CORNER WHERE THESE TWO STREETS NOW CROSS

The "Habitation" was built a little to the right of the landing-place and under the busy eye of the leader, a stout wooden wall soon surrounded the little group of houses. The wall had, at the top, a gallery with loopholes for the use of its defenders; two or three small cannon faced the river, the whole being finally protected by a moat. The storehouse, which had been built first, stood near, and Champlain had the ground about laid out as a garden.

In September, Pontgravé sailed away to France, leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men enjoying the pleasant air and glorious colours of a Canadian autumn. Too soon came the winter which was long and bitter. The men hunted, trapped foxes, fished through the ice, and lounged about their narrow quarters, piling wood on the fires and nursing one another's frost-bites and scurvy. After Christmas, the famine-stricken Indians hung about the fort, begging piteously. The cold increased, the sick men grew worse. Those were

dreadful months. By the middle of May, only eight men were left alive, and four of those were ill. From so small a beginning Canada has grown.

CHAMPLAIN'S PLAN

CHAMPLAIN had come to the St. Lawrence with the old hope in his heart. He had already explained in his reports to the King that he believed he should find, in the St. Lawrence, the way to China; a way which should avoid, "at the same time, the cold of the North and the heat of the South." He meant to use Quebec as a starting point for this exploration.

During the autumn, a young Ottawa chief had come to Quebec. Champlain received him kindly, showed him the houses, the fort, the guns, and fed him with strange, delicious food. The young chief, astounded by so much power and magnificence, begged Champlain to join him against his enemies, the Iroquois.

It was plain that the western woods were haunted with savage war parties seeking each the scalps of the other. Champlain wished to explore the country all unknown to him, but familiar ground to the Indians. He and the young chief made a bargain. It was agreed that if the warriors would take Champlain through their country, showing him all of it, he would fight with them against the Iroquois.

The bitter winter wore away. The ice went out, the wild geese came honking north again; the trees put on their leaves and, once again, the waves of daisies and buttercups dashed gayly up the cliff. In June, Pontgravé arrived and, leaving him in charge at Quebec,

Champlain set out with a band of Montagnais to see the country.

Just west of the river St. Anne, they met a large war party of Hurons and Algonquins out against the Iroquois. Champlain was called upon to fulfil his part of the bargain. First, however, they all returned to Quebec that the Indians might see the wonders of that place. After a war feast, they set out for the Iroquois country, Champlain faithfully accompanying them with eleven men. As a result of this expedition, Champlain discovered the Richelieu River and Lake Champlain.

THE FIRST CHURCH

When, in 1615, Champlain returned from a visit to France, he brought with him four Récollet Fathers. The Récollets are followers of Saint Francis of Assisi [1] and sworn to poverty. When Champlain asked for missionaries to go out to Canada to christianise the Indians, they joyfully offered themselves.

As they had no money of their own, the bishops and nobles in Paris collected fifteen hundred livres for them. With the money they bought vestments, candles, and ornaments for the little church that was to be.

They reached Quebec at the end of May and at once chose a site near the Cul de Sac. The next day the Indians were amazed to see the Fathers, their coarse robes tucked up under their rope girdles, their peaked hoods hanging down their backs, their thick wooden sandals clacking briskly as they busied themselves about

[1] Ask your teacher to tell you about Saint Francis.

VILLAGE IN QUEBEC.

THE CUL DE SAC AS IT IS NOW

the building of their church. In a month it was ready, and the first religious service ever held in Canada was celebrated.

Then these good men took counsel together and divided the work among them. Two stayed at Quebec to serve the little new church. Father le Caron went up to the Hurons. Dolbeau went out to preach among the Montagnais about Tadoussac.

The Montagnais were a poor and very ignorant people. Too ignorant and too indolent to plant corn as did the Hurons and Iroquois, they lived altogether by hunting and fishing. When game was plentiful, they feasted; when it was scarce, they starved. They wandered about following the game and living their uncomfortable lives in filthy huts made of bark or branches.

Father Dolbeau lived among them for several months. He had weak eyes, and the smoke from the fires in the evil-smelling teepees made them sore. Presently he went blind and had to lie for days with his eyes closely covered. He thought it all over carefully and then, feeling that God would not wish him to sacrifice his eyesight, he returned to Quebec.

THE FIRST FARMER

THE HÉBERT STATUE IN QUEBEC

LOUIS HÉBERT was his name. He had been a druggist in Paris, a druggist with a good business and a sturdy, sensible wife who helped him in the shop. In 1603, Hébert fell in with young de Poutrincourt while he was preparing to set out for his newly granted land at Port Royal. Hébert, though a city dweller, had the Frenchman's passion for owning land. He listened with ears and heart both, as de Poutrincourt told of this great new country where one could have rich land, as much as one wanted, for the asking.

Talking it over with his wife, it was arranged between them that she should manage the business at home while he went out with Champlain's 1604 expedition to Port Royal. He agreed to act as doctor to the company. In those days, druggists frequently served as doctors.

Hébert came to Port Royal in Acadia and stayed there as long as he could. When only five people were left in the port, Lescarbot found him sowing corn and planting vines and taking great pleasure in the doing of it. At last there was no one left at all. Hébert sailed home to Paris and went to work behind the counter again.

He now knew and admired Champlain and, three years later, gladly agreed to follow him to Quebec on the St. Lawrence. This time he sold his business, packed up his goods, embarked his wife, two daughters, and his young son, and came to stay.

He agreed with the company of merchants who were managing Canada at the time, to spend half his time acting as doctor in Quebec and *not* to engage in the fur trade. They, on their part, promised him land, with food and supplies for two years. Hébert stood loyally to his bargain, though the company took all his time for three years and gave him only half what they had promised.

In 1617 he and his wife "squatted" on the land above Quebec, and Hébert began to clear it. He had no tools but axe, crow-bar, and chain; no help but his two hands. There were neither horses nor ploughs in the land till long after he died. Yet in four years he had cleared and tilled twelve arpents (1 arpent = $\frac{5}{6}$ acre). He set out an orchard, fenced in a pasture, and planted maize, beans, peas, in his small fields. The Récollet Fathers, meantime, had built a house down on the Saint Charles, and had begun a small barnyard with several hogs, a pair of asses, a pair of geese, several pairs of hens, and four pairs of ducks. With their help, the Héberts set up a farmyard.

Their house was of stone, twenty by forty feet, and of one storey. Louis built most of it himself, though he had a little help from two stonemasons in the colony. It was the first house to stand on the heights. You may be sure that Madame Hébert and her daughters white-washed it, both without and within; scrubbed its rough wooden floors, tables, and benches till they shone, and made it a glimpse of old France to the homesick men of the village below the cliff. Many a cold man was

warmed there, many a hungry man fed, and many a lonely one comforted. There were very few women in the colony, and next to hearing the prayers and the singing in church, it did a man good to climb the hill, sit in Madame Hébert's kitchen, listen to her cheerful voice, and watch her pretty daughters at their sewing or knitting. It brought to mind one's own wife, or mother and sisters, bustling about a clean kitchen place far away, and sent one down to the "habitation" refreshed in spirit.

THE FIRST WEDDING [1]

One summer day in the year 1621, there was a great bustle in the new house. Couillard, the trader, had spent a good many winter evenings sitting in the corner of the kitchen, chatting with Guillemette Hébert. Before he went to Three Rivers for the spring trade, he asked her father for her, in case he should come back with a good return for his furs.

He had come back and built a little shack near the top of the mountain path. Here, Guillemette would be near her mother, and he would be near his work in the company's store on the wharf below. To-day the wedding was to be celebrated. Every one of the fifty people who then lived in Quebec was invited. A general holiday had been proclaimed.

Guillemette had brought from France "her chest" well stored with linen, and while Guillaume was in Three Rivers, her needle had seldom been idle. The shack by the path would be comfortably furnished.

[1] Anne Hébert and Etienne Jonquest were married in Quebec in 1617, but they seem to have had no wedding-party, probably because the family had only just arrived in Canada.

But they had difficulty indeed about the wedding gown. The company's store, stocked to please Indian lovers of bright colour, offered nothing that would do at all. So the bride made her dress of a length of linen tablecloth and trimmed it with lace given her by the kindly Champlain. It had been used in the cuffs of his green velvet coat, but it was beautiful lace, and by careful piecing was made fitting.

It was a fine summer day, cool in the morning with a pleasant breeze from the river. As there were no conveyances of any kind (except canoes) in the colony, Guillemette and Guillaume with their friends walked to the church where Father Dolbeau, just returned from the Montagnais villages, married and blessed them.

GUILLAUME COUILLARD, THE GROOM

As they could not ride in the customary fashion, they walked in procession: the bride and groom, Monsieur and Madame Hébert, the bridal party, to each house of the village. At each they were welcomed with kisses, handshakes, and good wishes; each household had some little gift for the newly-married pair. Champlain presented a pair of silver candlesticks, the Fathers a pair of pigs which young Hébert drove away, sulking a little at leaving the party. Abraham Martin brought out a small sack of white flour; Pivert gave a bundle of mink skins, Etienne Brulé a magnificent sealskin,

caught and tanned in who knows what far corner of unknown Canada.

At each house the inmates, having presented their gifts and congratulations, joined the procession, and all returned together to the Hébert home, where the heavy wooden table was laid out with every good thing Madame Hébert could secure. After the feast, they pushed the table back to the wall, and danced far into the night. It was grey dawn before Madame Hébert, closing the door on the last guest, sat down to rest her aching feet, and gaze at her disordered house. The first Canadian wedding was over.

In June 1623, in recognition of his valuable work for the colony, Louis Hébert was made a seigneur, and, three years later, he was given another grant of fertile land on the Saint Charles. He died in 1627, but his wife, with the help of her second son-in-law, Couillard, carried on the farm.

O FIRST TIME, O HAPPY TIME

O FIRST time, O happy time,
Of all good things in life;
O first time, O happy time,
That ere I called you wife.

O first time, O happy time,
I ploughed our little field;
O first time, O happy time,
We harvested the yield.

MADAME CHAMPLAIN

THE next great fête day in young Quebec was the arrival of Madame Champlain. Champlain brought her back with him on his return in 1620. He had been in France nearly two years trying to make peace among the quarrelling merchants.

During his absence the Habitation had fallen into decay. The rain came in on every side. The company cared for nothing but furs. They roofed their storehouses well enough, but left the town without defence or defenders.

Word had come up from Tadoussac by Indian runner that Madame Champlain was on board the supply ships and Quebec was *en fête*. As the ship rounded the point, cannon greeted her, Madame Hébert, Madame Martin, Madame Pivert, and their daughters dressed themselves in their best, and hurried down to the wharf to greet the governor's wife.

She was only seventeen, poor young thing, very fragile and so beautiful that the Indians, thinking she was an angel, fell upon their knees. She had been gently brought up, and the savage Indians and scarcely less savage traders thronging the wharf frightened her. She held Champlain's arm very tightly, shuddering a little at the smelly fur warehouses and the rough voices calling and shouting.

With a great sigh of relief she saw Madame Hébert and the little group of women waiting at the top of the wharf. Champlain led her and her three serving-maids

up to them. They curtseyed low before the great lady, but she was so young and lonely that the tears stood in kind Madame Hébert's eyes, and seeing them, Madame Champlain, with a little cry, found her real welcome in the warm arms of the mother of Canada.

Madame Champlain stayed four years in Canada. She was, perhaps, not very happy here. She had no children, and Champlain was so busy building Fort St. Louis on the top of the cliff, managing traders and Indians, helping the Fathers with their missions, and writing reports to France, that he had little time to spend with his young wife. After a time she gained courage to go about the village smiling at the Indian children, or sitting on the shore to tell them Bible stories. But she was not strong enough to climb the mountain path often, and, afraid of the forest, she never would go into it.

At last, seeing that she could do so little to help him in Canada, she begged Champlain to let her return to a convent in France where she could spend her time praying for him and his new country. At first he would not let her go, but seeing her droop more and more, he feared for her life and, in 1624, sent her home again. She lived to be quite an old lady in the convent.

COLD on the convent-floor I kneel
To pray
For him, dear Lord, so very far
Away.

CHAMPLAIN'S TROUBLES

AN OLD TOWER OF DEFENCE IN QUEBEC

For fifteen years Champlain had now been struggling with the fur traders. You remember that, when they came up to the St. Lawrence in 1605, De Monts and his company had been given a monopoly of the fur trade for one year only. The favour was not repeated and, during four years, there was free trade on the river.

This brought the traders in shoals. They left Tadoussac and Quebec far behind, setting up their trading booths at Lachine at the very westernmost point of the island of Montreal. The Indians understood the new order of business well enough. They held their furs until a large number of traders had arrived. Then, pitting one trader's offer against another's, they made fine bargains for themselves. A beaver skin which had, in the past, been exchanged for a knife and two loaves of bread now brought twenty knives and forty loaves. The fur trade became a grand scramble.

Meantime, Champlain was in despair about his colony. He could do nothing. No one would help him. The traders came out in the spring, pitched tents, or built small huts of bark for the summer; and returned to France as soon as the trading season was over. Champlain himself spent his winters at the court of France, explaining the value of Canada, and entreating the King to take her away from the traders and make her a proper colony. At last he won. The King listened to him. In 1612, Canada was made a viceroyalty.

During the next fifteen years we had four different viceroys, but each in turn made Champlain governor, and matters improved. He could now order the colony for the best. He saw that with free trade in furs everyone was in such a hurry to be rich, no one would help him build up the town; so he organised a new trading company and persuaded the viceroy to give it a monopoly. As he had a written agreement with the new company, he hoped to be able to make them do something for the country.

Canada was now divided into two zones. The river, as far up as Quebec, was open to all. Anyone could trade there. Above Quebec, it belonged to the fur company. In return for the monopoly, the company promised to bring out settlers to Quebec, protect the town, and send missionaries to the Indians. Champlain had now something to work with. It proved to be very little, however. The company did not want settlers in Canada. They knew that people would soon frighten away the fur-bearing animals. Instead of bringing people out, they discouraged those who would come by telling them fearful tales of the cold winters and the savage Indians.

Even trade now languished at Quebec, while free-

trade Tadoussac boomed. To coax the Indians into selling their furs to the company, Champlain helped them in their wars, made a long trip through the Huron country making friends with the Hurons, and built a village at Three Rivers so that they should not have to paddle their furs so far down the river.

In return for all this, the selfish company would not help him build up Quebec. Indeed, they tried to have his governorship taken away from him. But Champlain was too strong for them. He overthrew them altogether, and had a new company formed. It began well but turned out no better than the first.

THE GREAT INDIAN FAIR

Scene

An open space just above the beach at Three Rivers. The river front is lined with canoes. Traders' booths hung with beads and ribbons are seen. Squaws are cooking round the fires. There are circles of Indians lying or sitting about playing bowl stones.

Characters

CHAMPLAIN

CHIEFS	TRADERS	INTERPRETERS
MATEMEK	PIVERT	BRULÉ
ONONAWANTEE	MARTIN	HERTEL
AWAYANDOAH	DESPORTES	GODEFROY
	DUCHESNE	DUCHESNE

Indians, Squaws, Children, Dogs

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

THE BOULEVARD, THREE RIVERS, AS IT IS NOW
(The Fair took place here)

Indian suddenly rushes up from the river.

Indian. They come. The canoe of the Great White Chief is seen.

[*Shouts, cries, everyone leaves his place and runs toward the river. A long canoe, Indians at bow and stern, Champlain, Brulé and Hertel amidships, comes up to the wharf.*

Champlain (*waving his hand*). Greeting, friends.

[*The Indians spring out and hold canoe while the Frenchmen disembark. Pivert and the other traders come forward and shake hands.*

Pivert. Welcome, your Excellency, we have more Indians than ever before.

Martin. Sixty canoes beached yesterday.

Desportes. And at least thirty have arrived this morning.

Champlain. Has Awayandoah come?

Martin. Yes, your Excellency, he reached here with twenty canoes last night, and we understand thirty more canoes are on the way from his country.

Champlain (*striking his hands together*). Good! Good! We shall do well this year.

Duchesne (*coming down to the beach*). Welcome, your Excellency. I am bid to say that the chiefs await you around the council fire.

Champlain. Thank you, Duchesne, I shall not keep them waiting. Joseph (*turning to the Indians in the canoe*), guard the canoe. Francis, bring the roll of gifts. Brulé and Hertel, attend me.

[*The crowd divides, making a lane for them. Champlain leads the way up the bank.*

Champlain. Has Godefroy arrived?

Duchesne. Not yet, your Excellency, we expected him yesterday.

Champlain. St. Anthony grant he may not have met with the Iroquois.

Desportes. He was on the upper Ottawa a month ago. One of the Ononawantee's warriors met him with a small party.

Martin. Awayandoah's warriors met him at Lachine some ten days ago, my Lord. His canoes were heavily loaded, and his best paddler had deserted.

Pivert. No doubt he will arrive with the other Huron canoes this afternoon or to-morrow. St. Anne bring it to pass.

Champlain. Pray for him. We can ill spare Godefroy.

[*They reach the open space at the top of the low bank. A council fire has been lighted in the centre. Seven chiefs sit about it. They remain seated, but make a place for Champlain as he approaches.*

Champlain takes his place in the circle. Brulé and Hertel stand behind him. The traders and crowd fall back. There is a long silence, then Matemek, who is very old, takes a great peace pipe from the hands of a lad who stands behind him, lights it with a coal which the lad hands him from the fire, smokes three whiffs, and hands it to Awayandoah, who is next to him. The pipe passes round the circle in silence, each chief smoking three whiffs. Matemek hands it to the lad, who carries it away. Another silence.

Matemek. The White Chief is welcome.

Ononawantee. We have come, brother.

Awayandoah. Many leagues through the forest we have come at thy invitation.

[*All chiefs grunt and raise their hands, but keep eyes on ground.*

Matemek. We listen for the White Chief's voice.

Champlain. I greet ye, Matemek, great chief of the Montagnais. Many winters have drifted wisdom into thine ears, O ancient one. The White Chief listens long when Matemek speaks. And thou, Ononawantee, whose warriors guard the rivers northward and whose hunting grounds stretch far up into the frozen lands, thou shalt see the greatness of the White Chief, and shalt warm thy heart with his gifts. Awayandoah, my friend, in whose lodges I found rest after hunting, warmth after cold, food after hunger, friends after foes; the heart of the White Chief is warm towards his Huron brothers. He thanks them for their presence here. Greetings to all great chiefs. I have said.

[*He sits down.*

Matemek. My sons and the sons of my brothers have brought many skins which the palefaces ever desire. Has the White Chief brought gifts for my young men?

Champlain. The White Chief's lodge is full; his hand is open; he has brought gifts many and rich.

Awayandoah. The warriors of the Hurons will trade with my brother.

Ononawantee. Let the White Chief show his gifts.

[*Champlain motions with his hand and Francis comes forward with a large pack which he unwraps, displaying seven muskets, a good-sized mirror, two cheap watches, two silver powder-horns, a length of scarlet silk, and a handsome hunting-knife.*

Champlain (*pointing to the gifts which have been placed in the centre of the circle, near the fire*). See, O chiefs, the white man's gifts shine in the sun. They will warm the hearts of my brothers. Let my brothers choose.

[*The chiefs forget their dignity and scramble for the gifts, handling the muskets and the silk gleefully. Matemek at once seizes the mirror and slips it under his robe. When all are again seated—*

Matemek. The White Chief has not lied. His gifts have warmed the hearts of his brothers. We shall give orders to our young men to bring out their furs.

All the Chiefs. Oh! Ah! Great is the White Chief!

Champlain (*standing*). We thank our Indian brothers and wish them well. (*He waves his hands and the traders, Pivert, etc., draw near.*) This fair is now open.

[*The chiefs rise and move off together, talking. The traders take their stand, each in his booth. There is a great bustle among the squaws and children, and each Indian, followed by his family laden with furs, begins to sidle up to the booth which attracts him.*

CURTAIN

QUEBEC TOTTERING

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

SOUS LE CAP STREET
(As it is now)

UNDER Champlain's careful nursing, trade nowsteadily improved. The company sent home, after the summer fairs at Three Rivers, fifteen, eighteen, twenty thousand beaver skins. Still Quebec did not grow. Champlain dreamed by night, planned, and preached, and worked by day, but it was all to very little purpose. After eighteen years, the city had only one hundred and five inhabitants. At times the brave founder despaired.

The company deliberately frightened farmers and artisans away from Canada, bringing out only the traders they needed to meet the Indians, to store and ship their furs. These men were not interested in tilling the soil. A few of them laid out small vegetable gardens about their shacks, but far the greater number were quite content to live on the supplies sent out from France each spring. They had their salaries, and, though opportunities for illicit trading were few, there

was always a chance that one might make a fortune and return to France in triumph.

In the meantime, they lived in wretched shacks "sous le Cap,"[1] or straggling along the shore. In the trading season, June to August, they worked, but during the other nine months of the year they hung about the store-houses of the company, lounged along the wharf, gambled, drank, and quarrelled with one another. The company discouraged farming and severely punished those *coureurs de bois* who entered the woods to hunt or trap on their own account. Much of the time the men had nothing to do. It was little wonder that they got into mischief.

The wives and children suffered also. Crowded together in squalid little shacks, hot in summer, cold in winter, they were miserable enough. The mothers had few means of teaching their daughters to keep a clean house, to cook, and sew. The boys, having no chores or duties of any kind to make them feel responsible, ran wild about the woods. In the spring, when the ships arrived from France with fresh supplies of food and clothing, they feasted and caroused; during the winter, as their stores became exhausted, or if, as often happened, the supply ships were delayed, they starved. It was a wretched life.

Even the few families who did clear fields and try to support themselves by growing grain and vegetables, gained little by it. They were forced to sell their products to the company, which paid them very low prices; there being no other store in the colony, they were obliged to buy what they needed from the same company, which charged very high prices for anything it had to sell.

Champlain was often away for months at a time,

[1] "Sous le Cap" Street means "Under the Cape" Street.

exploring, making friends of the Indians, or attending to business in France. Though there was constant danger of Iroquois raids, the men were too shiftless and lazy to keep the defences of the city in repair. They were accustomed to depend upon the company for everything and, in this matter, the company would do nothing. Again and again, when Champlain returned from his voyages, he found the place almost in ruins. One laughing Frenchman said, "Quebec, when I saw it, had two old women for garrison and a brace of hens for sentinels."

TANCREDE

He was Madame Desportes' pride and despair, the youngest of fourteen. The women never tired of exclaiming over his baby shoulders, straight little back, and sturdy legs. Long before he was three, he set his mother, who by this time had grown very stout, at defiance, running away down the beach, or into the woods a long day at a time.

Coming home in the dusk, his great black eyes sparkling with fun, he would tell so many funny stories about what he had been doing, that he was seldom punished. He would fetch his bowl of soup from the chimney corner where it had been kept warm for him, cut himself a thick slice of bread, and eat his supper, chattering gayly, though all the time keeping carefully out of his mother's reach as she sat in her great chair by the fire. His mother was a good woman who wished to do her duty by her children. She taught Tancrede all the prayers she knew, and spanked him whenever she could lay hands upon him, which was not so often, for he was very agile. Then,

when he was asleep in the little bed pulled out from beneath her own larger one, she would shade the candle with her hand and look at him with a trembling pride as he lay still for a few hours, so rosy-cheeked, his black curls all in a tumble. Sometimes she wondered, poor woman, if he were not a changeling, so different was he from her other children, all of whom were quite stolid and stupid, thank God.

"Wait till you go to your book, *mon petit*," she used to say. "Good Father du Plessis will teach you better. You will be a good boy, Tancrede, will you not, when you go to school? I cannot guard you. You will not wait for me, and I, alas! am too heavy." Tancrede would promise all things, but his performance was often poor indeed. He found the bare white walls of the little seminary a poor substitute for the sunshine; he did not like staying indoors, and he hated sitting still. His legs tickled; he could not keep them from twitching and kicking. The prayers which one had to learn by heart were easy enough, of course. He learned them at once, and enjoyed standing up straight to say them in his clear voice. François and Gabriel Duchesne stumbled over theirs, but Tancrede always said his correctly. Father du Plessis was often obliged to strike him with the rod for kicking his stool, or pinching Gabriel, who was fat, or tickling François with a blade of grass, or bringing toads and snakes into the room, or breaking suddenly out in a little stave of song. He would have been more interested if the Father had taught them the meaning of the funny black marks on the page. He would like to have learned to read. But in those days it was not thought necessary for poor people to learn to read. After all, school took only two hours of the morning. There was all the rest of the day in which to learn things.

There were plenty of things to learn, things much more interesting than words or reading; at least, so young Tancrede thought. He learned from the sailors on the wharf to tie seven different kinds of knots, to weave nets, and how to whittle funny little figures from bits of wood. One of them gave him a handsome little boat with sails rigged upon it; and, after he had tried twice, he whittled out quite a good one himself.

Joe, the old Indian who worked for the Fathers, would often take him to the woods. From Joe he learned to smell the wind, to make his way through the woods without a sound, to set a trap. The old man loved the merry lad who was, at heart, a gentleman and treated Joe, whom everyone else put upon, considerately, because he was old and poor.

As Tancrede grew older, Joe let him set traps and, after helping him skin the animals they caught, traded off the skins for him. It was against the law for any white person to trade in furs. The company punished very severely people who did it. That made it all the more exciting for Tancrede. No doubt that was where the trouble began.

By the time the boy was fifteen, he was as large and as strong as a man. Already he had worked at the wharf, unloading the supply ships and loading furs. When the season was over, and the ships gone, it was very dull. The little town was empty, save for the women, children, and priests. Of lads near his own age, only Gabriel remained, and he was so stupid. Tancrede was very tired of it all. If his father had been at home he might have put him to some work, but trader Desportes had been sent, three years ago, to a new post among the Hurons, and, though they heard from him sometimes, he did not speak of returning. There was nothing to do. Nothing! Lying on his face in the grass on the

Cap, one autumn day, Tancrede fairly cried with disgust and impatience.

Next morning, as he lounged down to the wharf, he stopped to watch Pierre Bertin, the baker, whitewashing his stone bake-oven. When Tancrede went home again at noon, Pierre had finished and the oven, with its steep dark roof, fairly glittered in the sunlight. Tancrede told his mother about it that she might take the four or five slow steps from her door to the corner of the path that would enable her to see it.

That afternoon, as the two boys lay out on the Cap in the sun, Tancrede, gazing long at the oven, had a sudden vision of it striped with black from Pilot Abraham Martin's tar barrel. It looked so funny in his mind that he laughed aloud. He told Gabriel who thought it a great joke, and the two boys lay chuckling till the dusk fell.

"Well," said Gabriel at last, "aren't you going to do it?"

"Let us go now," said Tancrede, springing up; "Pierre is at his supper, and Pilot Martin is down-river."

Pierre Bertin, the baker, was a small round man who looked a good deal like one of his own loaves, with currants for eyes and toothpicks for legs and arms. When he saw his oven next morning, he stood quite still, his face white as flour, his currant eyes popping out of his head. "Le diable!" he said under his breath; "le diable!"

In a few minutes, the whole population of Quebec gathered about Pierre, gazing at the nicely whitened oven now striped, and ringed, and marked with weird figures in tar. Suddenly someone chuckled. In a moment the little group was rocking with laughter. The poor

white oven! It did look so funny. Pierre, his white face turned plum colour, danced with rage.

Father du Plessis came striding down the hill. "What does this mean?" he inquired, peering about.

A dozen voices explained. "It is *le diable* for sure, Father," said a boatman. At the words, the crowd hushed and crossed itself.

"Nonsense," said the Father, "it looks more like the work of those two boys. Where are they?" Tancrede and Gabriel had not been seen. "Bring them to me," said the Father sternly, turning back up the hill.

That evening, when the two lads returned from a day's fishing, upon which they had discreetly gone, they were haled before Father du Plessis who scolded them well, and then ordered them six lashes apiece. Up to the guard-house they were marched and the old sergeant, who had suffered much from their pranks, put his heart into the job.

Tancrede did not mind the lashes. He knew well he deserved them. He was ashamed of himself, but he was very tired of it all. That night he climbed the ladder into the attic without kissing his mother, but afterwards he came down and did it. She cried a little, and begged him to pray when he was tempted to do such things. Next morning he was gone.

Tancrede had been in the woods two weeks and the first light snow was covering the ground when he found the Wolf. He had crossed the Saint Charles and was working well back into the Montagnais country. As he gathered wood to make a fire to cook the rabbit he had knocked over, he heard a restless moaning and, turning round a great rock, found the young Indian beneath it with a broken leg. The Wolf had been there two days and was partly delirious with pain and thirst.

Hastily, Tancrede made a bowl of birch bark and

Pollard, Calgary.

SQUAW DRYING MEAT.

brought water from the river some rods away. He cooled the swollen limb and bathed the Indian's fevered face. When he had drunk some water, the Wolf told Tancrede where to find the tribe.

In two hours the men were back with a litter of branches on which they carried the Wolf to their camp. Tancrede being warmly pressed to do so, returned with them. The women were ready with poultices of balsam to cool the limb and reduce the swelling. By morning, the Wolf, his broken leg set in the Indian fashion, lay in a deep sleep.

Tancrede had saved the chief's son, and the tribe could not do enough for him. He was feasted, and admired, and finally adopted by the chief and his squaw. It was late in November, and the tribe was just about to strike camp for the journey to their winter hunting grounds in the north. The hunters went forward at once, a few of the older men remaining to travel more slowly with the squaws and young chief.

Tancrede chose to stay with the Wolf who said little, but looked at the handsome French lad with a world of gratitude in his dark eyes. They had grown to be great friends, Tancrede chattering, laughing, singing in his merry way, the Wolf listening and smiling.

Tancrede had, indeed, never been so happy in his life. All day he hunted with the older men who treated him with grave respect. He had been provided with a fine bow and quiver of arrows, and he was proving to be an excellent shot. He showed his bag of game at night with pride. At last there was something to do.

Tancrede lived six years with the Indians before he again saw Quebec. He dared not go back to the colony because the edict had gone forth that *coureurs de bois* were to be hanged when caught. Indeed he had no desire to go back; he was happy in the woods, though his heart

was sometimes sore for his mother. He was a successful trapper. Each spring, at the fur fair, the Wolf traded Tancrede's furs with his own and brought him the gun, knives, or blankets that he needed.

Meeting him in the forest you would not have known him for a white man, except perhaps by his merry smile and frequent laugh. He had taken the Wolf's sister, Alowana, the Wild Duck, to wife. She was both wise and gentle; he loved her and his little brown son devotedly.

One still June evening in the seventh year of his life in the woods, Tancrede was fishing in a little trout stream which ran into the St. Lawrence a few miles from Three Rivers. He was not in the habit of camping so near the white settlement; but in two or three weeks the fair would begin and he had brought his winter take of furs down to meet the Wolf.

As he lifted the string of fish and turned upstream toward the camp where Alowana waited supper for him, he heard a movement through the woods and low voices. Straining his ears he listened. They were Indian voices, but not Montagnais, surely not Huron either.

Hastily clearing the ground of all signs of his presence, he lay down quite flat in a hollow on the top of a large rock near. The quick movements and low voices drew near. A small party of Iroquois came out upon the bank of the stream a few yards below the place where he had been fishing. A little to the left and immediately below him, they made preparations for supper, though without lighting a fire. Tancrede could hear only part of what they said, for they spoke little and low; but he made out that they were the scouts of a large war party on its way to fall upon Quebec while the white men should be absent at the fair in Three Rivers.

What was to be done? Tancrede dropped his head,

which he had lifted cautiously the better to hear, flat upon the rock and his heart grew cold within him. To enter the colony meant death to him, but Quebec must be warned. He saw his mother sitting in her chair and, without waiting for the Iroquois to go, he slipped from his place and made his way, silent as any shadow, behind them and upstream to his camp.

When he had explained to Alowana, she made ready a bag of food without a word. "Le Paquet" (the Bundle—Tancrede's own nickname for his son) "and I will wait for you at the little camp on Two Fish Lake," she said.

"If they take me, Alowana, you must go——"

"They will not take you," said Alowana confidently, smiling at him.

"Not alive," said Tancrede grimly, all the twinkles smoothed out of his face. He knew the stern governor; he knew the law. He was none too sure that even gratitude for the warning would save him should he be caught.

Two nights later he lay in the edge of Louis Hébert's clearing and waited for the lights in the town to go out. He meant to reach his mother if he could. Hébert and Martin, farmers on the heights, were hotly against the *coureurs de bois*. He could not be sure of them.

The pale little lights which the candles threw winked out one by one. The town was nearly dark. Tancrede knew the Iroquois had not passed him on the river, but he did not know how much lead he had. It could not be much. He dared wait no longer.

Stealing round the field, he slid and scrambled down the almost perpendicular rocks, and ran along at their base to his mother's cottage under the Cap. There was a light still in the window. Steps were approaching. There was no time to lose; he opened the door and stepped in, closing it behind him.

"Well," said the sergeant, getting up from the table and raising the candle to look, "who are you?" Tancrede did not speak. Why was the sergeant here? Where was his mother? His mind whirled with questions.

"So!" said the sergeant after a long moment of silence. "So! Tancrede Desportes. You should have cut off your curls, *mon garçon,* if you did not wish to be recognised." Still Tancrede did not speak. The sergeant took his pistol from the table.

"You are my prisoner, sir," he said.

"Then do your duty! Take me before the governor at once," said Tancrede in a burst.

"Not so fast, not so fast, *mon garçon,* time enough yet," said the sergeant good-naturedly, gathering up his knife and belt from the table with his left hand while he kept Tancrede covered with the pistol in his right.

"There is not time—the Iroquois," said Tancrede, and then he closed his mouth. That name made even the sergeant start, and brought a flow of questions.

"I will speak to the governor," said Tancrede. "Take me to him at once. And where is my mother?"

"Moved into François Gellert's house three years ago. It is next the church, you remember. Your mother was always fond of her prayers." The sergeant marched his prisoner through the door and up the path that has become Mountain Street at the double.

Tancrede told his story to the governor, who had put his great-coat over his night-shirt and listened with dignity, though his night-cap hung very much awry.

"Turn out the guard! Man the walls!" he ordered the moment Tancrede finished. "Send Nissa, the runner, after the men. They left this morning and will be camped at the Little Arm. He may reach them in time to warn them. Tell them not to return until our second runner reaches them. It may be that if the Iroquois see we are

prepared they will not attack. Go to the Fathers and have them ring the alarm from the church. Build a fire in the market-place, and send Henri through the town to rap up the people. Tell them to light every candle in the place.

"And bring me my boots, you rascals!" he shouted after the servants as they scattered. "Bring me my boots; must I tell you a thousand times to bring me my boots!"

"And you, sir, you are Tancrede Desportes, are you not?" he said, standing up and looking funnier than ever, having thrust his bare feet into his great boots.

"I was, sir," said Tancrede; though his life hung upon it, he could not have kept from smiling.

"Well, sir!" shouted the governor. "And who may you be now?"

"Malatawata, the Laughing Fox, brother of the Wolf," said Tancrede, quite grave now.

"You are a *coureur de bois*; three, no, five years you have been in the woods!"

"Six, your excellency!" Though he must die for it, Tancrede was enjoying himself.

"You know the law?"

"I do."

"Yet you came with the warning?"

"I did not mean to be caught, your excellency."

The governor laughed, then frowned. "You trust in my gratitude for the warning," he shouted. "Well, I am grateful, but that does not change the law. You are a law-breaker and must suffer. We do not make fish of one and flesh of another in Quebec, *mon garçon*. You shall see. Equal justice to all. Etienne Frechette was hanged for three years of illicit trading. We are grateful, but you are a prisoner, sir. A prisoner, do you hear?" The old man's voice rose in a kind of hoarse roar.

"I hear, your excellency," said Tancrede softly, his eyes twinkling.

"Take him away!" shouted the governor. "Take him away! I have not time for him now. Put him in the upper guard-house and watch him closely. See that he does not escape. And bring me my breeches, I tell you. How often must I tell you to bring me my breeches? Do you wish me to go out to inspect the guard without them?"

The sergeant put his hand upon Tancrede's shoulder, turned him toward the door, pushed his pistol between his shoulder blades, and began to march him off. A servant ran in with the missing breeches. The governor, puffing and blowing, pulled them on.

"Sergeant!" The officer came to attention, bringing Tancrede round with a jerk.

"At your orders, your excellency!"

"As soon as you have placed your prisoner in the upper guard-house, see that every man in the place is upon the walls. Every man! Do you understand me?"

"I do, your excellency," said the sergeant with perfect gravity.

Tancrede's merry eyes twinkled again. Jerking his shoulder from the sergeant's hand, he bowed low before the governor.

His excellency stood up, his aristocratic old face towering haughtily over the muddle of day and night clothes below it. He squared his shoulders, clicked the heels of his unfastened boots, and swept Tancrede a courtly bow.

"You are a brave man, sir," said the governor.[1]

[1] The story is not an historical one.

THE COMPANY OF ONE HUNDRED ASSOCIATES

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

IN THIS PLACE STOOD THE FIRST TRADING HOUSE OF THE COMPANY OF ONE HUNDRED ASSOCIATES

As the second trading company, like the first, steadily neglected to keep its promise in the matter of bringing settlers to Canada, Champlain went again to France to see what could be done. He was beginning to think that no trading company was wise and strong enough to be trusted with the future of Canada. Perhaps it would be best to think out some altogether new scheme. He went to Richelieu, the King's chief minister.

Richelieu was a very great man. He was of middle age, with a thin white face and very white hair. He wore, officially, robes all of scarlet taffeta which became him well, and made him look like a great prince. Richelieu was a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church as well as the first minister of the State, so he had very great power. He was so clever and strong willed that everyone obeyed him.

Champlain was a great man, too; a man with a great vision. He loved Canada. When he talked about her his

face shone, his eyes glowed, and his voice grew eager. Ordinary people thought him a fanatic, but Richelieu also could see into the future. When Champlain talked to him, he caught some of his enthusiasm. He too had a vision of what Canada might become. These two men understood one another.

But Richelieu said, "No need to work out a new plan. We shall simply make the trading company keep its promises." Richelieu was accustomed to being obeyed and he had not so much experience of the tricks of trading companies as Champlain.

"We shall make them keep their promises," said Richelieu, "and that we may start fairly, we shall take the charter away from the old company which has got into bad habits, and give it to a new one. I, myself, shall be the head of the new company."

Champlain was quite willing to try again, so Richelieu organised a company of one hundred men, with himself as president. This time they set down in writing just what the company was to have, and do. Their promises being written down and witnessed, should they fail in any way, the law would step in to punish them. They were to be called "The Company of One Hundred Associates."

The King, under Richelieu's advice, gave the new company a perpetual monopoly of the Canadian fur trade, a monopoly of trade in all other goods for fifteen years, freedom from all taxes for the same length of time, and two ships with which to begin business.

The company, for its part, bound itself to bring out, within the fifteen years, four thousand settlers, men and women; to see that among these were carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, millwrights, shoemakers, and other necessary artisans; to provide these people with food and clothing for three years, and, when this time was up, to give

each family cleared land sufficient for it to make a living upon. Every settler must be French and a Catholic, and the company was required to keep one priest in each settlement. The company was organised with a capital of three hundred thousand livres, and Champlain, who was a member of it, was again made governor.

The Company of One Hundred Associates lived thirty-five years, till long after Champlain's death. It began its life with rosy prospects and though, in later years, it neglected its duties sadly, it did somewhat more for Canada than either of the private companies had done. People were no longer deliberately frightened away from Canada, and the company did make some efforts to help the settlers.

The officers soon found that seeking out and selecting suitable colonists was no light task. They felt that they had too little time for it, so they arranged to fulfil their promise in this way. They granted the land about Quebec and along the river to seigneurs. These seigneurs were usually men of good birth but little fortune; men who, having poor prospects in France, were glad to make a start in a new country. Each seigneur had a large piece of land free on condition that he cleared and settled it with farmers. Thus the company rid itself of the trouble of hunting up suitable people.

Some of the seigneurs did very well. Giffard, who had been granted the Seigneury of Beauport near Quebec, was a model. He chose strong young farmers from his old home in France and persuaded them to come to him in Canada. Giving each young man a good farm, he helped him to clear it and begin tilling the soil. Giffard worked hard on his own place also, clearing, fencing, building, tilling, sowing, and laying out gardens, till the Seigneury of Beauport was the admiration of the whole country.

ABRAHAM MARTIN

ABRAHAM MARTIN was a Scotchman who, like many another, found the beauty of his country but cold comfort for an empty stomach, and so left her, cheerfully, to conquer the world.

His father had had more than one finger in the plots which, during so many years, centred about Mary, the beautiful Queen of Scots. (That is a good story which you must read another time.) Because of this, the family had many connections on the Continent, and Abraham, at seventeen, found his way into the court and service of Louis of France.

Wars were plentiful, and the best fighting always to be had "good cheap," as they used to say in those days. Clever young sailors who were also handy with the sword were seldom in want of a place. Abraham, a sailor and a roamer born, wandered up and down the roaring roads of the sea until he fell in with Champlain, and shipped with him to go to Quebec.

In the vessel were a number of young women going out to be brides of the settlers. The canny Abraham, thinking it wiser to choose while the choice was large, rather than, perhaps, to take what was left at Quebec, wooed and won and married and all before ever the ship reached port.

As well as being a sturdy Indian fighter, Martin soon made himself useful to the young colony in another way. To-day when you are coming from Europe, your big ocean steamer, after sailing proudly through the gulf, must stop at Father Point in the mouth of the river,

and wait for the pilot to come aboard to take her up the river to Quebec or Montreal. The St. Lawrence, in spite of being so wide and beautiful, has many dangerous rocks and shoals. The passage for large ships is quite narrow, and only a man who knows it well is allowed to steer the great ships in. When the pilot comes aboard, the captain and all his officers step back, leaving the ship entirely in his hands. Everyone must obey the pilot.

Now Abraham Martin had been born beside the sea. He could find his way among the shoals by his nose as it seemed. So skilful did he show himself in guiding vessels into the harbour, that he was made King's Pilot, the first that ever commanded on the river. It is because he was the first of so many brave pilots who have led ships in and out, these three hundred years, that the Canadian Pacific Railway raised this monument in his honour.

THE ABRAHAM MARTIN MONUMENT

Champlain granted Martin a fine piece of land on the heights, well back of the fort. Martin and his wife smiled with pride when they saw it, one June morning, knee deep in grass and daisies; level for the most part, but running down to the beach in a number of pretty coves and ravines. It was indeed a choice farm.

Here Abraham built his home, a rough little shack at first, but later a good stone house like the Héberts'.

Here his children were born. The first baby baptised in Canada was Abraham Martin's child. The record is still to be seen in the register of Quebec for the year 1621.

HOW CANADA WAS LOST AND BOUGHT BACK AGAIN

MEANTIME, the Kings of England and France were at war again; and King Charles of England, wishing to do all possible damage to King Louis of France, gave to Admiral David Kirke a commission to capture Canada. Kirke, only too pleased to be off upon so brave an adventure, set sail with four ships early in the spring of 1628.

The long cold winter in Quebec was over. The ice was gone out of the river, green grass was showing. The people stood outside their doors and, warming themselves in the sun, took long breaths of the sweet air. Wise fathers and mothers who had planted gardens, and stored their cellars with vegetables in the autumn, had still food enough to see their families through till the arrival of the supply ships in May. Foolish or lazy ones, who had broken no ground, had already exhausted their stores and were living on scraps.

May was already a week old, and Quebec was spending most of its spare time on the heights, straining hungry eyes for the provision boats, when word came up the river that there were four strange ships at Tadoussac. What could it mean? Quebec, which had had no mail since autumn, knew nothing of the war between the kings. Surely the news had been a mistake, and the ships seen were the vessels from France.

Champlain, however, took no chances. He ordered the defences of the town to be looked to; rationed the scanty stores of food, so much to each person for each meal, while he and his men stood to their guns night and day.

They had not long to wait. A runner came up from Champlain's farm at Cap Tourment, all spent and breathless, to say that the English had landed there, burned the farm buildings, and killed the cattle. Next day, Admiral Kirke's ship appeared round the point at Levis, and a canoe containing his brother and four sailors came ashore to demand the surrender of the city.

Champlain had only fifty pounds of powder left, and very little food, but he trusted that the supply fleet would yet escape the English in the river and reach the town. He sent a bold though courteous refusal. The enemy's ships, without a word further, dropped down the current, disappearing behind Levis as they had come.

But Admiral Kirke also knew about the French supply fleet. He saw no signs of them or their cargoes about the wharves of Quebec, and he shrewdly divined that they were still expected. He therefore turned about and sailed down toward the gulf, his ships combing the channel for the French fleet. In the mouth of the river he came upon it and after a brisk fight captured all the ships but one, took the stores on board, and sailed away to England.

Quebec was now in a sorry plight indeed. All summer long her people had watched and waited, hoping against hope that other ships would come to bring them food in place of the lost fleet. None came, winter was again upon them, a winter which they must see through dependent on their own resources.

Fuel was plentiful if food was scarce, and everything possible was done to make the one supply the place of the other. Long piles of cordwood guarded every door;

houses were banked almost to the eaves; housewives made up for the lack of double windows by stuffing the frames tightly with rags and paper. They had a very little flour, a small stock of eels and pease, some grain from the Hébert farm, every kernel of which had been garnered. Till the last hour of autumn, every man, woman, and child who could be spared, scoured the woods for nuts and edible roots. Champlain himself daily inspected the defences of the town besieged by nature, a sterner foe even than the English.

Somehow they weathered through it, though a number of graves were made in the snow. Early in the spring, Admiral Kirke came again to Tadoussac. He sent his two brothers with one hundred and fifty men up to Quebec to see how the city had passed the winter, and to inquire whether Champlain was now willing to surrender. Champlain was willing. Examined as to the resources of the town he took over, young Kirke reported, "There was not in the sayde forts, at the time of the rendition of the same, to the examinate's knowledge, any victuals save only one tub of bitter roots."

The conquerors hastened to share their own supplies with the famished people of Quebec. Canoe-loads of bread, biscuit, pork, beans, and molasses were hurried ashore. The wharves bustled with haggard men and women, half laughing, half crying, as they thanked their enemies and ran off, each with his share of the good things. Mothers with tears running over their cheeks, divided loaves among their children. Kitchens resounded with the cheerful clatter of preparations for a meal, so long unheard. The smell of frying pork rose once more upon the air of Quebec. It was more like a fete than a surrender. Even Champlain, broken-hearted at the loss of his town, rejoiced to see his people fed.

Louis Kirke was appointed governor. He offered the

inhabitants their choice between returning to France and remaining in their homes. If they remained, he promised they should be well treated and allowed to trade freely with the Indians. Champlain, the priests, and two-thirds of the population returned to France. Four families, Couillard's, Hébert's, Abraham Martin's, Pivert's, and the interpreters, Brulé, Nicholet and Hertel, remained.

As the two kings made peace soon after this, Champlain exerted himself at the French court to get Canada back. King Louis does not seem to have cared very much about it, but neither did King Charles. Charles, as was usual with him, needed money, and offered to sell Canada back for a round sum. After some trouble, Champlain persuaded Louis to pay the price. Louis Kirke, no doubt reluctantly, handed the fort over to de Caen in 1632; and, in the spring of 1633, Champlain returned in triumph.

CHAMPLAIN

CHAMPLAIN! Unto our land thou gav'st
That knightly heart of thine,
The freshness of thine early years,
The long toil of thy prime, the fears
Of unrewarded age, its tears
Were laid upon her shrine.

Champlain! Young eyes now dream o'er thee,
And youthful cheeks are dyed
With generous flame, to win the goal,
To match thy place upon the scroll;
Seest thou the travail of thy soul?
And art thou satisfied?

THE CHAMPLAIN MARKET, QUEBEC

THE DEATH OF CHAMPLAIN

CHAMPLAIN had barely time to set Quebec and the affairs of Canada in order. In the autumn of 1635 he was stricken with paralysis. His voyages and cares, his day-and-night labours had made him old before his time. He never raised his head nor wrote his name again.

For two months he lay, growing weaker daily. The people of Quebec went about in despair. They feared the future. What would become of them when the governor was gone? Who would order the town? Who would win supplies and reinforcements from the King in France? Who encourage them in their hours of happiness? Who comfort them in adversity? Canada was still like a little child, too young and feeble to stand or go alone. Now she was to lose the good father who had founded her, and guided her every hour thus far.

Christmas Day, 1635, was a sad one indeed in Quebec. Word had gone forth from the castle that the governor was near his end. All day, clouds hung low above the

SOUS LE FORT STREET.

Some writers believe that Champlain was buried at the top of this street

town. In the afternoon the wind arose and went moaning through the narrow streets as though it shared the sorrow of the people. There were no family gatherings or Christmas feasts that dark day.

The night was moonless. At twilight the snow began to fall thick, soft, and heavy. No one but the children went to bed. Many spent the hours in the church, where a priest knelt all night before the altar to lead their prayers. Even the rough sailors from the wharves walked the streets quietly, talking in whispers at the corners, or climbing Mountain Street to the gate of the fort to ask for news.

Here, the important men of the town had gathered in the ante-room. Other simple folk, too humble to ask admittance, for surely no one would have been denied that night, knelt all night in the snow, praying for one who had done them kindnesses of which they and God alone knew.

Within the bare room which was the governor's bedchamber, Champlain tossed his head back and forth, and moved his left hand restlessly upon the coverlet. The doctor had tried in every way to get him to sleep, but without effect. When the wind began, its moanings seemed to quiet him. He looked long at the Father who sat beside him. He could not speak, but the Father understood him, and gave him the last service of the Church.

After that, he slept so long and sweetly that the people thought he was better. Word went through the town that the governor slept, and even the babies hushed their cries to keep the place quiet for him. Perhaps he would yet be restored to them. The people turned yet more eagerly to their prayers. But, when the bells tolled for midnight service, he opened his eyes widely, and looked with a smile at each one in the room. Then,

turning his tired head to a more restful place upon the pillow, he fell asleep to wake in heaven.

Father le Jeune crossed his hands upon his breast and went down the hill to the church. As he entered, the people were singing, but, seeing his face all bathed in tears, they fell upon their knees, knowing Canada was fatherless.

Strangely enough, no one now knows just where they laid him. Some historians think he was buried beneath the walls of the church; others that he was laid in a cave on the way up the hill, where a small chapel was built in his honour. It makes little difference. His name is an abiding glory to all of us, his children.

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN CANADA

It was such a funny one. The Jesuit Fathers were an order of priests especially devoted to teaching boys. As soon as they came to Canada, they wished to open a school. A charitable Frenchman gave them money to build one, but there were no pupils.

At last Father Daniel came down from the Huron country, bringing a small, very much frightened Huron boy whose parents had reluctantly parted with him. Nicholet, the interpreter, induced a few of his Indian friends to send their children. The Fathers joyfully began school with these.

After a time, there were six French boys attending. At first the Fathers had their French and Indian pupils live together, thinking that the young Indians would learn from the French boys how to behave. It turned out quite the other way. The young Frenchmen acquired so many savage habits from their Indian companions that the Fathers had to separate the two classes.

The young braves did not like school. They found it even more tiresome than the French youngsters did. They could not, in fact, do with it at all. One of them ran away; two, unaccustomed to so much good food, ate themselves to death; four were kidnapped by their distrustful parents, and three others stole a canoe, loaded her to the gunwale with all kinds of valuables, and escaped up the river.

THE SEMINARY, QUEBEC

That was rather a poor start, but the Fathers would not give up what they knew to be right. They worked away, and before many years, had a fine school which has grown to be a great seminary.

MOTHER MARIE

MARIE, from early childhood, had the gift of faith. In her dreams she saw angels; even in the daytime good visions sometimes came to her. She wished to be a nun, but her parents arranged a marriage for her with a pious silk manufacturer. After two years, when Marie was still only nineteen, her husband died suddenly, leaving her with a little son, and penniless.

For eight years she lived with her brother-in-law,

helping him in his work. Marie was a very clever business woman. She worked up from one position to another till she had one hundred men under her direction. The business prospered greatly in her hands.

She still wished to be a nun, but felt it very hard to leave her son. At last, when he was twelve, she gave him to the Jesuits to educate, and herself entered the Ursuline convent at Tours. The Ursuline Sisters are an order devoted to educating girls as the Jesuits educate boys.

Marie was very happy in the convent, though she missed her little boy sadly. The visions came back to her more and more. She often dreamed that she saw a lady who came, took her by the hand, and led her into a far country. When she was forty years old, this vision came true.

The Jesuit Fathers in Quebec used to write long letters which they sent home, whenever a ship sailed, to their brothers in France. In their letters, "relations" as they called them, they told of everything that happened in Quebec. These letters, which are now printed, are very interesting. Men and women in France read them and became quite excited about Canada. The Fathers told about their little school, and their trouble with it. They asked if no good women could be found to come out to teach the girls.

This letter greatly stirred up Madame de la Peltrie, a rich widow, who wished to spend her life, and her money, in the service of God. She determined to go out to Quebec, taking some nuns with her, to build a school for little girls. Madame de la Peltrie herself was not trained in affairs. She needed someone to manage the school for her. A friend told her of Marie, and she went to the convent at Tours to see her. When Marie saw Madame de la Peltrie, she knew her for the woman

whom she had seen in her dream. At once they began to plan the school in Canada.

Madame chose another Ursuline Sister, Marie St. Joseph, and the three went to Paris to prepare for their journey. They had a great deal of trouble. Their relatives did not wish them to go. Marie's son came to beg her not to leave him; Marie St. Joseph's parents tried to arrest her and so prevent her going. At last, however, all was settled; Madame de la Peltrie chartered a ship of her own, and in 1639 they set sail.

MOTHER MARIE
By courtesy of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

The voyage was long and stormy. Everyone was ill part of the time. As they drew near the coast of America, their little vessel was nearly run down by an iceberg. At sunrise, the huge glittering mountain was seen drifting down upon them. In those days, when sails were used, ships could only be steered according to the wind. They could not get out of the way. Nearer and nearer came the terrible mass. The women shrieked; the men, helpless, fell upon their knees. Marie put her arm around Madame de la Peltrie, who was almost fainting, and gathering her skirts close around her feet that she might die decently, faced the monster. In a steady voice, she encouraged the others and recited prayers. At the last moment it sheered off, and the ship escaped. On the first of August they landed at Quebec.

Accustomed as they were to the beautiful cities of old France, the town must have seemed very strange to them. There were only three public buildings: Fort St. Louis, the trading house of the Hundred Associates, and the little church which Champlain had built after his return.

There was smallpox in the place, and the Sisters began their work at once, in a hovel below the rock. Here they nursed the sick and comforted the dying for days without rest. Mother Marie had her plans made, however, and before another year was out, material had been collected, workmen engaged, and the first stone of their own convent upon the hill had been laid.

MADAME DE LA PELTRIE'S HOUSE

In 1642 Madame de la Peltrie, who was a somewhat excitable person, went with Maisonneuve and his party to found Montreal, leaving Mother Marie and her nuns penniless, with the convent still unfinished and unpaid for. Everyone advised them to give it up; but Mother Marie would not. Her faith upheld her. She ordered more materials; she urged on the workmen. "We will trust in God," she said. Sure enough, before eighteen months were over, Madame de la Peltrie came back to them with plenty of money. She found the school doing well, and the convent nearly completed. It was a long wooden building with a great fire-place at each end. The two great fires barely kept the frost off the inside walls.

The next seven years were the most difficult the coun-

try had yet gone through. Champlain was gone; the company broke all its promises; the King forgot New France, and the Iroquois remembered her with almost daily raids and horrors. Everyone despaired except Mother Marie. Her faith in Canada never wavered. She sat under the great ash tree in the convent garden, teaching the Huron girls; advising, comforting, blessing, inspiring everyone from the governor to the servant-maids.

Then, just as things were beginning to look a little brighter, the convent burned down. The nuns and children barely escaped in their night-clothes. In the midst of the confusion, Mother Marie went calmly into every room to see that no one remained, prayed a moment before the altar, and was the last to leave the building.

Next day the Hurons met in full council to see how they could help the "Paleface Virgin Saints." To their grief they found that the whole wealth of their nation now consisted in two strings of porcelain beads, each containing twelve hundred. Headed by their chief, they went in procession to the hospital, where the Sisters had taken refuge. Mother Marie with her nuns about her came out to meet them. Taiarouk said:

"Saintly Sisters, you see here but the walking corpses of a mighty nation which is no more. In the country of the Hurons we have been eaten and gnawed to the bone by famine, war, and fire. Alas! your misfortune recalls our own, and with your tears we mingle ours. In our old home the custom was to give one present to unfortunates like you, to dry their tears, and then another to fortify their hearts anew. All that we have we offer you. First, a string of beads to comfort you, and root your feet so firmly in this land that all your friends across the great water will never be able to draw them out and take you away. And next, another string to plant a new House of

Christ to outgrow the old one, and to be a place of prayer and teaching for our children."

When the chief had finished, there was a long, sad silence. Then Mother Marie replied. She told the Hurons that she would never desert them, but would fill her days with willing service for their need; and that when she died her body should be buried among them in Quebec.

Everyone pressed forward to help the nuns. Father Vignal, though now an old man, set to work on the Ursuline farm near the Plains of Abraham, and was rewarded by a bountiful harvest, which fed the teachers and scholars for the succeeding winter. Madame de la Peltrie sheltered the whole school in her own house. The governor and Fathers did all they could. But men were scarce and money scarcer; so, Mother Marie and her nuns cleared away the debris with their own hands, and prepared the site for rebuilding. A new convent arose quickly on the ruins of the old, and within a year the nuns were back at work.

INFANT CANADA

A river broad
And bravely blue,
A stretch of warm white sand,
Banners of vetch,
A daisy wave
Leaping across the land.

A little church,
A little school,
Nine houses small and low;
A happy faith,
A courage high
In fifty hearts aglow.

LE HÔTEL DIEU—THE FIRST HOSPITAL
The picture shows the main entrance of the modern building.

THE FIRST HOSPITAL

RICHELIEU'S niece, the beautiful Duchess d'Aiguillon, was another lady whose imagination was fired by the stories of Canada written home by the Jesuit Fathers. She, too, had money, and she decided, as Madame de la Peltrie was building the school, she would build a hospital in Quebec. She sent three hospitallers, or nursing nuns, out to Mother Marie.

They landed first at Tadoussac where they spent three very uncomfortable days. Next, they had to wait at Ile Orleans because the tide was against them. Here they built three little huts of branches; one for the Sisters, one for the priests, and the third for the crew.

When at last they reached Quebec, they found smallpox raging. While Mother Marie and her two assistants waited on the sick in Quebec, the three hospitallers went up to the Jesuit mission at Sillery to nurse the

Hurons there. They lodged first in a small hut belonging to the Hundred Associates. It contained a table and two benches. They snatched what rest they could lying on bark spread on the floor.

The company granted them twelve acres of land on the edge of the cliff, and they began to build their hospital there. Finding it very difficult to get water up the steep hill, they gave up this place, and built a little house at Sillery. Here they stayed teaching and nursing the Hurons for four years. Then the Iroquois became so threatening that the governor insisted on their coming within the protection of the guns of the fort, so they finished their first house on the edge of the cliff and moved in.

In three hundred years their little hospital has grown to be a great building stretching east and west along the hill. In it, during every day of all those years, the sorrowful have been comforted, and the sick made well again.

BUILDING MONTREAL

You remember how Sieur Dauversière and Father Olier were told in dreams to build a mission at Montreal. At that time the island of Montreal belonged to Sieur de Lauson. When Dauversière told his dreams, his friends begged the Company of One Hundred Associates to give him the island so that he might do as God had told him. De Lauson did not want to give it up, but he had a great deal of land, so the company took it away from him, and gave it to Dauversière for his mission.

Dauversière collected all the money he could; a friend of his gave twenty tons of food, and tools; Father Olier founded a seminary at St. Sulpice to train priests for the mission; Maisonneuve agreed to be the leader of

PLACE ROYALE AS IT IS NOW

the party, and they set out. At Quebec, the people greeted them with tears of joy. For more than thirty years, Quebec, with brave little Three Rivers as an outpost, had fought the battle against the Indians and the wilderness alone. Now came this large band to help them. Imagine their delight!

When the Quebecers found out that Maisonneuve and his people were bent on going up to Montreal, they were not so pleased. "It is suicide to go there," they said, "the Iroquois will destroy you all in a week." In any case, it was now too late to go up the river that year.

Maisonneuve and his colony had to stay in Quebec until spring. All winter the two parties wrangled about the new settlement, but in the spring Maisonneuve had his way.

As soon as the river was free of ice, they loaded all their goods upon barges and, one lovely May evening in 1641, they landed at Place Royale.

Falling upon their knees they kissed the soil, and thanked God for giving them this beautiful place. Father Vimont, at the service that evening, said: "That which you see, gentlemen, is only a grain of mustard

seed, but it is cast by hands so pious, and so animated by faith and religion, that it must be that God has great designs for it. I doubt not but that this little grain may produce a great tree, that it will multiply itself and stretch out upon every side."

Next morning the governor, who had come with them from Quebec to make a formal presentation of the island to the new company, cut down the first tree. Then everyone went to work at clearing and building. Men and women worked like heroes; boats plied up and down bringing supplies from Quebec. The Iroquois did not yet know of the place. Before winter, people and goods were housed, and the town made safe. They called it "Ville Marie," the City of Mary.

Just before Christmas, the river began to rise. They had not thought of this, and had built upon the flat. Day after day it rose steadily. On Christmas morning, the water was lapping at the very gates. The people began to remove their goods to higher ground; but Maisonneuve, on his knees before the advancing flood, prayed that the town might be spared. God heard him, for that very day the flood ebbed away. To show his gratitude, Maisonneuve had a road cut to the top of the mountain, and, carrying up a great wooden cross, he planted it there for a memorial.

For a long time, the sixty inhabitants of Ville Marie lived together like brothers and sisters, in the greatest peace and happiness. There was no quarrelling or misbehaviour of any kind. Everyone forgot himself in thinking of the welfare of his comrades. So happy a home attracted the Indians who came to be fed and remained to be taught. Huron and Algonquin warriors brought their families to Montreal for safety while they went upon the war-path. Through them, the Iroquois found the place; then trouble began.

JEANNE MANCE

MONTREAL had her heroine as well as Quebec. Jeanne Mance belonged to an honourable family in France. She was a tall, fragile woman, so gentle that she might have been married again and again, but she preferred to remain with her parents.

She heard how Madame de la Peltrie had given up her life and fortune for New France, and she longed to do likewise. She had, to be sure, no fortune, but she had her life and a very brave heart. These she resolved to offer in Canada.

At this time she knew of no way either to get the money or make the journey. It is a strange thing, but true, that if people wish hard enough for anything, they usually get it in the end. Jeanne wished and prayed; wished and prayed to go to Canada. She talked and thought of nothing else. By and by, the way opened before her.

In 1640 she went up to Paris to see Father Lalement about work in the new land. He knew of no place for

her to go and no work for her to do there as yet. While in Paris, Jeanne met Madame de Bullion. They became friends, and Jeanne spoke of her heart's desire. Now Madame de Bullion's husband had just died leaving her a great fortune. She wished to use it for good. When she heard Jeanne's story, she said, "My dear friend, you shall go. I will give the money to build a hospital there, and you shall be the head of it. I thank God that He has shown me the way to spend my fortune in His name."

Jeanne trembled with joyful excitement. Here was the answer to her prayers. Her friends thought she was not strong enough to be a nurse and take charge of a hospital, but she insisted that she could do it very well. She went to one of the hospitals in Paris to take a little training. Then, with twelve hundred livres in money, she went down to the port of Rochelle to see if she could get a passage.

Almost the first person she met in Rochelle was Dauversière. When he told her about the company of Montreal just ready to set out, and only too sure to need a hospital, she knew certainly that God was leading her. At first she was afraid, for she thought she was to be the only woman in the three ships, but two of the men refused to sail without their wives, so Jeanne had these women for company.

For a time, while Montreal was building, Jeanne lived in a rough shed. She and the women cooked and cleaned for the men. When she could get them to listen to her, Jeanne taught the Huron children verses and stories.

As no one was ill, or seemed likely to be, Maisonneuve thought it foolish to build a hospital when they needed the money so badly for other things. They tried to get Madame de Bullion to let them use it for building the walls, but she would not. She had given the money for

a hospital, and a hospital or nothing she would build. So Maisonneuve allotted the place and a two-roomed stone building was put up. It was needed soon enough, for the Iroquois began their raids.

PILOT

THE fort was Maisonneuve's first care. The palisade put up on their arrival was a slight affair, and as soon as the Iroquois began to threaten, stronger defences became necessary. In 1645, Maisonneuve erected a proper fort with double walls and stout bastions at the corners. Another public building urgently needed was a mill. As soon as the fort was finished, one was begun a little further up the river bank. Maisonneuve had it built with thick stone walls and loopholes, so that it might be used as an outpost of the fort.

It took some time to finish these buildings. There were so many things to do in the little new town, it seemed as though every pair of hands must do the work of four. Some of the men had always to be upon guard, too, which left fewer to work. Maisonneuve thought of a clever scheme by which they were able to keep nearly all the men at work. He had one of the supply ships bring over from France a number of good watch-dogs. These they taught to bark at the sight or smell of an Indian. The men worked with their weapons beside them and, at the sound of barking, dropped tools, snatched up guns, and rushed to the point of danger.

One of these dogs was called Pilot. She seemed to understand the situation almost as well as a person. Every morning she would leave her kennel early and

trot all around the walls, poking her nose into every little clump of bushes. After breakfast she made another round, this time ranging more widely and examining carefully the edges of the wood toward the town.

By and by, Pilot had a litter of pups, and it was very amusing to see her teach them to make the rounds on guard. Every morning she marched them round the fort smelling for Iroquois. If one of the pups felt lazy and wished to play, she beat him well and forced him to go on. When they had made their rounds, they had their meal and a good game as a reward.

FORTIFICATION LANE

The walls of Montreal once stood where this narrow street now runs.

AN ACADIAN VILLAGE.

THE BUILDING SOCIETIES

MAISONNEUVE had a good deal of trouble keeping the men working at the walls and public buildings. Each of them had been given ten acres for himself, and was eager to be building his own little house. They formed building societies among themselves, two or three together. Jean des Carsis and Jean le Duc signed a contract to help one another build houses on their lots. If one of them should fall ill, or be hurt, the other promised to finish the house for him without wages.

One October day, Nicholas Godé was building his house at Point St. Charles. His son-in-law, Jean Saint Père, the notary, and Jacques Noel, his hired man, were helping him. About noon some Indians came out of the woods begging food. The men were working on the roof, but Nicholas good-naturedly got down and prepared dinner. They all ate together, the Indians making a very hearty meal.

Having eaten, the Indians retired into the fringes of the wood. Nicholas and his men climbed again upon the roof and resumed their work. They had scarcely lifted their hammers when the Indians shot at them from the bush. One, two, three, they rolled off the little house, and lay quite still. The Indians, warily, lest anyone should catch them, slipped out and scalped their victims. When they came to young Saint Père, he looked so handsome with his white skin and black curls, that they cut off his whole head and took it with them, showing it with pride to their friends when they reached camp.

The poor head was placed in a tree in the midst of the camp. That night, one after another, these treacherous people were wakened by a strange moaning in the trees. It was neither the wind nor animals. It seemed to pass back and forth above their heads. They shivered with fear.

Presently, a voice was heard coming from Jean Saint Père's head in the tree. "You kill us," he said, "you do many cruel things to us. You wish to wipe out the French in this country. You will never come to your wish. Beware! for one day we shall be your masters, and you will obey us."

The terrified Indians carried the head deep into the woods; still they heard that sorrowful voice. They buried it and travelled far away; still the voice followed them. At last they took it up and placed it under the waters of a lake which to them was sacred. Still the melancholy voice rang in their ears. As long as they lived, it never left them. Such was their punishment.

PAR MENDA

Melanie Primot, the wife of Antoine Primot, was a fine sturdy woman. She was not large, but when she planted her square figure firmly, hands on hips, feet wide apart, it was a difficult thing to move her. She could dig or hoe, carry stones or help the carpenters as well as a man, and she was Mademoiselle Mance's right hand in the hospital kitchen. The Iroquois made a serious mistake when they planned to interfere with Madame Primot.

She was hoeing potatoes, one afternoon, in her little clearing a few rods from the fort. Suddenly, three

Iroquois sprang out of the bush upon her. They tried to seize her. She screamed and kicked, fighting with hands, feet, nails, and teeth at once.

The Indians, taken by surprise, their skins bruised, their faces well scratched, their arms bitten, tried to tomahawk the lady. Once, twice, thrice, they struck her upon the head. Still she kicked and screamed lustily. The fifth blow stretched her upon the ground. One of the Indians, kneeling on her chest, seized her long black hair and raised his knife to scalp her. Suddenly she threw her arms round his neck so tightly that he was pinioned, choking. By this time the soldiers, having heard her screams, were running from the fort to the place of battle. The Indians were now only anxious to get away. Again, and yet again, they hit her on the head with their tomahawks. At last her arms relaxed and she slipped to the ground. The Indians fled, shots scattering about them as they ran.

The men ran up to Madame Primot, expecting to find her dead, if not scalped, but she sat up blinking. In a moment she staggered to her feet. Overjoyed to see her alive, one of the soldiers seized her in his arms. Instantly he reeled backward from a resounding slap on the cheek.

"But why, my dear madame?" gasped one, as all fell back in surprise. "The blows have crazed her," said another. "Pierre meant only to congratulate you, madame," explained a third. "Why did you hit him?"

"Why, indeed?" said Madame Primot, looking round sternly. "*Par menda,* I thought he wanted to kiss me."

For long enough after that, everyone in Ville Marie called good Madame Primot "Par Menda." She did not mind, she enjoyed the joke as much as anyone.

LAMBERT CLOSSE

The Iroquois had been hovering about Montreal for weeks and Lambert Closse, the brave town major, wished to give them a lesson. The scouts brought in word of a small band lurking on the Petite Rivière, less than two miles from the town.

Taking twenty-four men with him, Closse left the palisade very early one morning, intending, if possible, to drive them off. Three scouts were sent ahead to prevent an ambush; the main body followed a quarter of a mile behind.

La Lochetière, a small lithe man, very quick and agile, got a little ahead of the other two scouts as they stole cautiously through the bushes. He was short, so he crept up the trunk of a great tree to spy out the land. Sharply his bright black eyes glanced here and there. No Iroquois! He was just about to slide down when, chancing to look below, he saw three Mohawks standing beneath the tree, and gazing silently up at him.

With a loud yell to warn his comrades, he dodged behind a branch. His companions fired and fled to warn the main body. Finding himself surrounded on three sides, Major Closse ordered his men to make a dash for Louis Prud'homme's hut which stood in the edge of the clearing. The settler, who was watching, stood ready to open the door, and the whole party got safely inside.

The Iroquois, thinking they had their enemy trapped, advanced rapidly toward the house. The men hastily broke out loopholes in the single board walls of the hut and stood ready to fire. When the Iroquois were near enough, Closse ordered a volley and a number of the savages fell. The return shots scattered through the window openings, splintering the thin walls.

The fight kept up briskly for twenty minutes.

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

THE WOODS IN WHICH LAMBERT CLOSSE FOUGHT

Laviolette was down, but the French undoubtedly had the best of it. The major now began to fear a shortage of ammunition. There was plenty in the store-shed only a few rods away, but the Iroquois were firing steadily across the space.

Baston, famed as a runner, volunteered to go. Every man loaded his musket and prepared to keep up a sharp fire on the other side of the house. Louis Prud'homme stood by to open the door. Baston ducked his head and made a dash for it.

In ten minutes he was back with arms and pockets full. When the Iroquois, who had been shooting at him steadily, saw him dash safely in at the door, which Prud'homme was eagerly holding open for him, they ceased their fire, and, taking up their dead and wounded, disappeared in the woods. The victory lay with the French.

MAISONNEUVE

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE MAISONNEUVE STATUE, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL

MAISONNEUVE went to war when he was only fourteen. He had gone back to Paris to visit his people, after long years of campaigning, when, one afternoon in his sister's drawing-room, he met Father Lalement. Lalement, who was then helping Dauversière and Olier collect money for their mission, was much struck with Maisonneuve's strong face and quiet manner. He told him of the heavenly visions, and of the dangers to be met with in Canada. Danger was ever the breath of life to Maisonneuve. He was keenly interested. They needed a soldier to command their expedition. He agreed to go. He proved to be a commander as wise as he was brave. The site for the town was shrewdly chosen; its defences were instantly erected, and never neglected for an hour. It was fortunate that this was so since, before Ville Marie was two years old, the Iroquois had discovered and declared war against it.

Indians sometimes attacked a fort in large numbers

or fought a real battle; but their favourite method was to go out in small bands, surprise and surround some person, or house, or small village, and thus win an easy victory. With all their boasted courage they never cared to take great risks of certain death as white soldiers frequently do.

Iroquois had been lurking about Montreal all winter. They waited patiently in the woods till someone went a little way from the fort to hunt or fish, or bring in a stray cow. Then they fell upon that incautious person, killed him or carried him off. One by one, two by two, slowly but very steadily, the savages were reducing the little garrison.

The men grew more and more restless under this nerve-galling treatment. They asked again and again to be allowed to leave the palisade and offer battle to the Indians. Maisonneuve would not allow it. He knew very well that outside the walls, the little band of Frenchmen would have no chance at all against the numbers which the Iroquois could bring, and he feared that if they surprised a few Indians and cut them off, it would only serve to bring their whole fighting force down upon the town. Should this happen, Ville Marie was indeed lost.

The men begged and worried and called Maisonneuve's courage in question, till at last, exasperated, he said, "Yes, you shall have a taste of Indian warfare. The next time the Indians come up you shall go out against them. I hope you will prove to be as brave before them as you are behind these walls." The men were delighted and at once began to prepare for the fight.

One morning, a few days later, Pilot came yelping back from her morning rounds. They gathered from her behaviour that a large band of Iroquois must have taken up their position in the woods north and east of

the town overnight. "Come, then," said Maisonneuve, "we shall see your courage under fire. Let each be as brave as his word. I myself will lead you."

In a moment all was bustle in the town. The men rushed home for their guns, pistols, and snowshoes, for the snow lay very deep in the clearing. When all were ready, it was discovered that there were not nearly enough snowshoes to go round. This was serious, but there was not time to prepare more.

Maisonneuve led out forty men. Quickly they trotted across the clearing and entered the woods where the Indians had divided into several bands and were waiting in ambush. As the French crossed the open space, they were met by shots from three sides, and instantly each man sprang behind a tree.

Several minutes of sharp fighting followed. More than one Frenchman fell. Their powder began to fail. They could not see their foes, so could not tell how many had been killed, but the Iroquois' fire did not seem to lessen. Maisonneuve ordered a retreat. The men were only too ready.

Now the lack of snowshoes became fatal. Those men who were without them sank in the snow and made an easy mark for the enemy who shot at them steadily.

The masons and carpenters, who were still working upon the hospital, had made a hard road in the snow as they passed back and forth to the town. Swinging his men round, Maisonneuve ordered them to fall back upon this road. When they reached it, they began to retreat quickly toward the fort, Maisonneuve following them, facing the Iroquois, a pistol in each hand.

In a few moments, the courage of the men gave way. They faced about and ran for the fort, leaving Maisonneuve alone before the Indians who were now advancing rapidly from the woods. When the men guarding the

walls saw this band rushing toward the gate, they took them for Iroquois, and tried to fire the big gun. Luckily it did not go off, and the retreating warriors got safely inside.

Meantime, Maisonneuve, his pistols busy, walked backwards as quickly as he could. Admiring his bravery, the Indians wished to take him alive, and waited for their chief to come up to make the capture.

When within a few feet, the chief sprang at him. Maisonneuve fired a pistol in his face. It failed to go off. The chief leaped to seize him round the neck. Maisonneuve raised the pistol in his left hand and shot him. As he fell, his warriors rushed forward to cover him, and Maisonneuve, turning, fled inside the gate of the fort.

The men had had enough. They no longer boasted of their courage, or begged Maisonneuve to let them go out against the enemy.

MAISONNEUVE

He was a brave and gallant knight,
Ever the foremost in the fight;
He ever served God and the right,
Devoutly.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE SEMINARY

GATEWAY OF THE SEMINARY

In spite of the Iroquois, Ville Marie struggled along bravely. Maisonneuve went to France in 1650, saying that if he did not get a hundred new men to return with him, he feared they would have to give up the town. He got the hundred and more. He brought back some sixty farmers, three doctors, nine carpenters, three shoemakers, besides hatters, cooks, tailors, gardeners, and stone-cutters.

The newcomers were all young, strong, and brave. They had agreed to stay five years in return for food, tools, and wages. Most of them took up land, and their log-houses began to spring up round the fort in all directions.

Everyone worked hard. The men cleared the land, stored hay, and tended the cattle; planted and harvested the crops; took the wheat to mill and brought it home as flour. The women baked bread, made butter and cheese, spun and wove cloth, made clothes for themselves and their families. People lived busy lives in those days.

The steady workers prospered. When Louis Prud'homme married Roberte Gode, her father gave her as rich a dowry as any girl need wish: a complete bed with

bedclothes of the best quality; fifty ells of silk; a cow with its calf; six dishes, six plates, and a pewter pot; besides five hundred livres in money.

The townspeople continued to live in the greatest friendliness with one another. "Nothing was put under the key in those days," wrote Sister Morin, one of the nurses at the hospital, "neither the houses, chests, nor cellars. Everything was left open, without anyone ever repenting of his trustfulness."

Two difficulties appeared. The priests who came out were eager to begin christianising the Indians. No one of them was content to stay and preach to the little congregation in Montreal. Fathers came, served Ville Marie for a few months, and then hurried on to their real work among the savages, leaving the town again without a minister.

Worse still, Dauversière, Olier, and the other members of the company of Montreal were in trouble. Dauversière became bankrupt and lost not only his own money, but a large sum which had been given Jeanne Mance for the hospital. The good little man was prostrate with remorse, but that did not restore the money.

Maisonneuve again saved the situation. When he returned from France in 1657, he brought with him four priests from the seminary of St. Sulpice, which had been founded by Olier to train men for Canada. They were to stay in Montreal, ministering to the people there. These men had money of their own, and would, therefore, be no charge upon the people. The four "Gentlemen of the Seminary" were received by Jeanne Mance, and lived in the large room of the hospital until their own house was built.

Finding Dauversière and his friends in such straits, it was arranged that the "Gentlemen of the Seminary" should buy the island of Montreal as a site for a new

seminary. These gentlemen now became the landlords of all the people in Ville Marie; very good landlords they proved to be. Their seminary was the first school in Montreal. Built nearly three hundred years ago, it still stands beside the Place d'Armes. Its gateway, black with age, looks down darkly upon you as you stop to gaze and to think of all the boys who have gone to school there since 1659.

MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS' SCHOOL

Marguerite Bourgeoys was neither a nun nor a rich widow. No heavenly visions sent her to Canada, but she loved children and wished to work among them. She met Jeanne Mance on one of her trips to France, and heard from her that the little girls of Montreal had no teacher. At once she made up her mind to go out and open a school for them.

Ville Marie was then only a tiny village. About twenty houses were built along St. Paul Street, the fort on the left, the hospital on the right. There was no building suitable for a school. Marguerite began her work in a shed. Of the three nuns who had come out with her, Sister Judith cooked, Sister Macé cared for the pigs and chickens, Sister Marie washed and cleaned. They badly needed a man to help them, and soon one was provided. Old Journeau fell from the roof of the barn he was building and was so hurt that he had to remain in hospital for weeks. He was old and dared not live on his farm for fear of the Iroquois. He remained with the womenfolk, helping them with the heavier work.

Camping near the town were many Hurons who, for protection, lived under the guns of the fort. Marguerite

THE OLD TOWER IN WHICH MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS TAUGHT THE HURON CHILDREN

gathered about her all the little Huron girls and taught them in the old watch-tower on the hill. Among the older girls she formed a society or "Congregation" where the young women practised reading, cooking, sewing, and learned their prayers. The "Congregation" still carries on its good work in Montreal.

Marguerite managed in this way for some time. She lived with Jeanne at the hospital and kept school in the shed and the watch-tower. At last Maisonneuve came to her aid. "Four years after my arrival," she writes, "Sieur de Maisonneuve was good enough to give me a stone stable to make a school of it, and to lodge three persons there to conduct it. The stable had served as a dove-cot and as a home for cattle. It had a granary loft above to sleep in, to which it was necessary to ascend by an outside staircase. I had it cleaned, and a chimney put in, and all that was necessary for school-keeping. School (the first school for girls in Montreal) opened on April 3, 1658."

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL

The first little church has grown into this beautiful big one.

THE PARISH CHURCH

It stood at the corner of St. Sulpice and St. Paul streets, a modest wooden building on a stone foundation. When people are far from home, and often in great danger, they feel sorely the need of a church. The inhabitants of Montreal had long worshipped out of doors, in the old bark chapel, and in private houses. Now they were to have a church of their own.

They were very happy about it. Everyone helped. Men who had a little spare time, hauled stones, or logs, or worked with the masons and carpenters. The women cleared away rubbish, scrubbed floors and windows. Marguerite's "Sisters of the Congregation" embroidered

altar cloths and hangings. The younger boys and girls ran errands and carried materials here and there.

At the corner of St. Sulpice and St. Paul streets, where the church stood, there is, even in the hottest day in summer, a pleasant little breeze. The people first noticed it when they were building the church. It is still there. You can feel it, if you stand at the corner for a few minutes. Someone tells a funny story of how the little breeze came to stay there.

One day, they say, the Wind and the Devil were walking together in Ville Marie. They came to the corner where the new church was building. "Hello!" said the Devil, "what's this?" "The new church," said the Wind, "a place where you dare not go." "You dare me to go in," said the Devil; "I'll show you. Just wait till I come out." In he went, and has never yet come out. The Wind waits for him still.

At last the church was finished, a humble little place, but beautiful to the people who had planned and worked so long for it. Louis Prud'homme, Jean Gervaise, and Gilbert Barbier were appointed churchwardens. They had the boys clear the yard, the girls bring flowers to the altar, and, on a happy day, Montreal went to mass in her own church.

DOLLARD

MONTREAL was now nearly twenty years old and, since the Iroquois found her out, never for one hour had her people been safe. Anyone who left the fort took his life in his hands. Men built their houses and tilled their little fields under armed guards. Fishing and hunting could be done only in large parties or in company with the Hurons.

Things grew steadily worse instead of better. After the affair of Jean Saint Père's head, Maisonneuve took two Iroquois prisoners and held them as hostages till the tribes should give up the guilty ones. This further incensed the Iroquois. They had already sworn to drive the French out of Canada. After the extermination of the Hurons, they devoted all their time and attention to this task.

They intended to begin at Onondago, but Radisson got the French out of that trap. Their escape roused the savages to fury. They gathered a large army and prepared to destroy Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec in rapid succession. So far-reaching a plan could not be kept secret. News of it reached Montreal.

There had come to the town, two years before, a young man who signed himself Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux. He was a gay, hearty young fellow, though subject to occasional fits of gloom. He took up land and formed a building society with Belatre, to whom he paid a sum of money for his share.

It appeared that he was not much of a carpenter; that he was more at home with a sword in his hand. He told nothing about himself; but it was thought that he had been a soldier, an officer, who by some foolish act had lost his rank, and now wished to redeem himself by a great feat of courage.

When rumours of the Iroquois' attack reached Montreal, Dollard persuaded Maisonneuve to let him lead out a body of young men to intercept the enemy. Sixteen young men struck hands with him, vowing to follow him to the death. Major Closse and Charles le Moyne begged him to wait till after the spring seeding when they could go too; but Dollard would not delay. He knew that these veterans were needed to guard the town.

HABITANT HOMES.

THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN

AFTER a solemn farewell Dollard and his companions embarked in several canoes, well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoe-men; and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of St. Anne, at the head of the island of Montreal. At length they were more successful, and entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and slowly advanced against the current.

They had passed with difficulty the swift current at Carillion, and about the first of May reached the foot of the more formidable rapid called the Long Sault. It was needless to go farther. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Long Sault, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past autumn. It was a mere enclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle and was already ruinous. Such as it was the French took possession of it, and were presently joined by some forty Hurons and Algonquins.

In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Sault. Dollard had time to set his men in ambush at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. The canoes bearing five Iroquois approached, and

were met by a volley fired with such precipitation that one or more of them escaped the shot, fled into the forest, and told their mischance to their main body, two hundred in number, on the river above. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to their fort. The Iroquois made a hasty attack, and were quickly repulsed. They next opened a parley. Failing in this, they set themselves to building a rude fort of their own.

This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defences. Being provided with tools, they planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence, and filled the intervening space with earth and stone to the height of a man, leaving some twenty loopholes, at each of which three marksmen were stationed. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came on again, and again were driven back. They tried another attack, and were beaten off a third time. This dashed their spirits, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu.

Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst, and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk

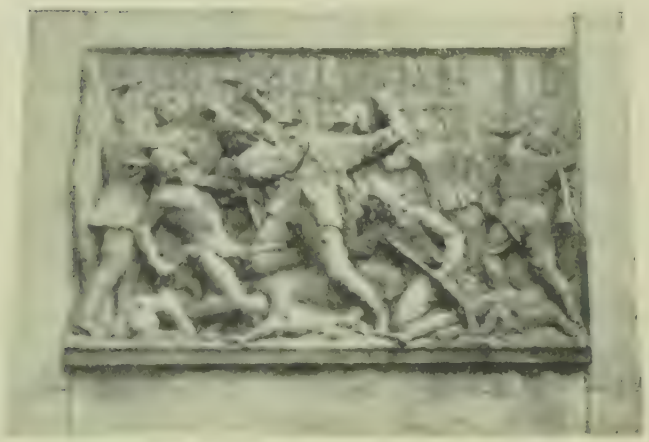
fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalised their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells told the French that the expected reinforcements had come; and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. They advanced cautiously; but the French were at their posts, and every loophole darted its tongue of flame. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigour of the defence, fell back discomfited.

Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. After the custom on such occasions, bundles of small sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those picked them up who dared, thus accepting the gage of battle. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields four or five feet high were made by lashing together three split logs with the aid of cross-bars. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through the palisade.

Dollard had crammed a large musketoon with powder and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back upon the Frenchmen and exploded, killing and wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loopholes and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more they had torn a breach in the palisade;

Dollar and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made, and then another. Dollar was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory. To the colony it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough for that year.



THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT

RADISSON AND GROSSEILLERS

As Dollard saved Canada's life, Radisson and Grosseillers saved her trade. The Iroquois did not depend on war alone to drive out the French; they planned to cut off their fur trade. They swarmed across Lake Erie, over the captured Huron lands, separating the French on the St. Lawrence from their Indian customers in the north-west. They lay in wait for the French traders going up; and so terrified the northern tribes that they dared not send a single canoe-load of furs down the Ottawa.

Montreal was in despair. The great fur fair, which had once brought so rich a harvest, produced nothing. She had not a single beaver skin in her store-houses. Three Rivers and Quebec were as badly off. With beaver skins the colony paid for the supplies sent each year from France. Bankruptcy, starvation, stared her in the face. Some people had already left, others were preparing to go, when Radisson and Grosseillers arrived.

Two years before, forbidden by the governor to trade, these two adventurers had escaped by night from Three Rivers and, joining a waiting band of friendly Indians, they had made their way up the Ottawa. Eight days after the battle, they passed the Long Sault; all was quiet now. Neither French shouts nor Iroquois war-whoops broke the forest stillness, but Radisson reports that there was not a tree in the neighbourhood which was not riddled with bullets.

Radisson and his party travelled steadily till they

reached the unknown country beyond Lake Superior. They wandered about in what is now Manitoba and Saskatchewan for two years. Perhaps they reached the Mississippi; perhaps they reached Hudson's Bay. No one knows. Probably they did not know themselves.

In any case, trade was good. The tribes they met were too far away and too warlike to fear the Iroquois. They welcomed the Frenchmen and their goods, and brought vast quantities of beaver skins to pay for them. After a time they consented to send their canoes down to the St. Lawrence with the great store of furs Radisson had collected.

The colony was almost at the last gasp when Radisson and his party descended the Ottawa. Proudly the great fleet of canoes floated in the harbour of Montreal: sixty canoes, two hundred thousand livres' worth of beaver skins; a trade, too, which the Iroquois could not easily cut off. Again Canada was saved.

ALONG THE ST. MARY RIVER

THE BRANDY WAR

MEANTIME, Quebec also knew hard times. If she was in somewhat less danger from the Iroquois, her internal difficulties were greater than those of Montreal. The Company of One Hundred Associates, which had begun so well, had long ago forgotten its promises to bring out settlers and build up the colony. The farms, upon which every country must depend, did not increase or improve as they should have done, because the company cared only for the fur trade. When it languished, as a result of the Iroquois wars, Quebec dwindled almost to nothing.

Trouble arose in the Church also. When first the "Gentlemen of the Seminary" came to Canada, they moved to have a bishop appointed. The King agreed. Who should have the position? The Sulpicians, as they had brought the matter up, wished to choose the new bishop; the Jesuits, who had worked and suffered so long in the country, felt that it was their right to name him. So the quarrel began.

After a great deal of writing back and forth, the King sent out Laval to be the head of the Church, though he did not yet name him bishop.

Laval was scarcely settled in Quebec before he began a long war with the governors; first about precedence, for, being a Montmorency and a high official of the Church, he expected to rule in Canada. A more serious, though perhaps not less bitter cause of quarrel, was the brandy trade.

The traders had long ago discovered that they could get furs of any value from the Indians for a drink of

brandy. The savages were so fond of it that they would exchange not only pelts, but game, canoes, tents, wives, children, the very clothes off their backs for it. The trader who went into the woods with a few bottles of brandy returned a rich man. That the poor Indians were made insane by it, quarrelled, fought and killed one another in their fits of drunkenness, mattered not at all to the selfish trader.

Laval rightly enough blamed the brandy trade for most of the evils in Quebec, and at once took up the cudgels against it. He excommunicated all those engaged in it. The governor, Argenson, supported Laval in this matter. The council forbade the traffic, making it death for anyone to supply an Indian with liquor.

The next governor, d'Avaugour, was a blunt old soldier who did not relish Laval's interference. Two men had already been hanged for disobeying the brandy law; now a woman was brought up for the same offence. She was found guilty and stood to be condemned. The Jesuits pleaded for her, and Laval seconded them. "Well, take her! take her!" said d'Avaugour; "but if you free her, I shall never punish another man for selling brandy."

The woman got off; and then they found out that the governor meant what he had said. He would not arrest the guilty traders, and brandy flowed freely. The Church did what she could, but it was not much.

The temptation to the traders was too strong. Laval was distracted with rage and grief as he saw the country debauched before his eyes. The men of Quebec became drunken loafers; many of the Indians were crazed; the best of the fur trade was gone; the Iroquois, checked by Dollard and his immortal sixteen, bided their time to take a terrible revenge. It seemed as if Canada were, indeed, ruined.

THE EARTHQUAKE, 1663

FROM FATHER SALVENT'S RELATION

In February many signs and wonders were seen in the skies. We beheld blazing serpents which flew through the air borne on wings of fire. We beheld above Quebec a great globe of flame which lighted up the night and threw out sparks on all sides. This same meteor appeared above Montreal, where it seemed to issue from the bosom of the moon, with a noise as loud as cannon or thunder, and after sailing three leagues through the air, it disappeared behind the mountain whereof this island bears the name.

At half-past five o'clock on the morning of the fifth, a great roaring sound was heard at the same time through the whole extent of Canada. This sound, which produced an effect as if the houses were on fire, brought everybody out of doors; but instead of seeing smoke and flame, they were amazed to behold the walls shaking and all the stones moving as if they would drop from their places. The houses seemed to bend first to one side and then to the other. Bells sounded of themselves; beams, joists, and planks cracked; the ground heaved, making the pickets of the palisades dance in a way that would have seemed incredible had we not seen it in divers places.

Everybody was in the streets; animals ran wildly about; children cried, men and women seized with fright knew not where to take refuge, expecting every moment to be buried under the ruins of the houses or

swallowed up in some abyss opening under their feet. Some, on their knees in the snow, cried for mercy, and others passed the night in prayer; for the earthquake continued without ceasing, with a motion much like that of a ship at sea, insomuch that sundry persons felt the same qualms of stomach which they feel on the water. In the forests the commotion was far greater. The trees struck against one another as if there were a battle between them, and you would have said that not only their branches but even their trunks started out of their places and leaped on one another with such noise and confusion that the Indians said the whole forest was drunk.

For weeks the St. Lawrence was so muddy that the water was unfit to drink. Hills and large tracts of forest slid into the river. A number of men in a boat near Tadoussac saw a large hill covered with trees sink into the water before their eyes. Streams changed their courses, old springs were dried up and new ones opened in the hillsides. Mother Marie tells of a man who ran all night to escape from a great fissure in the earth which opened behind him and chased him as he fled.

Many of the stories told are obviously the result of imagination stimulated by fear, but the quake must have been a very severe one. It is remarkable that in all Canada, so far as recorded, not a life was lost.

The shocks continued at frequent intervals for some six months, and it was midsummer before all was quiet again. Extreme drought ensued and that was followed by floods of rain. Almost a year passed before Nature resumed her normal course.

LAVAL'S keen eyes grew harder, his thin lips thinner; opposition made him only the more determined. In 1662 he went to France to pour his own grievances, and the general woes of Canada, into the ears of the King and his great minister, Colbert. He insisted that only a complete change of policy would save Canada.

The Montmorency family influence was so great in France that even the King listened to Laval. Colbert, a great statesman, was genuinely interested, and promised to take the matter up. In the end, the good-for-nothing old Company of One Hundred Associates was tried, found wanting, and abolished. Canada was made a royal province. They gave her a governor to defend her in war, a bishop to take care of her morals, an intendant to manage her business, and a council, chosen from among her important citizens, to settle all local matters on the spot.

"And just to make sure that we have a Canada to govern," said Colbert, "we had better send out the Marquis de Tracy with his regiment to teach the Iroquois a lesson." Laval returned in triumph; the Sovereign Council forbade anyone to sell liquor to the Indians, imposing a fine of three hundred livres for the first offence, and a public whipping for the second; and all Canada held its breath waiting for the arrival of the marquis and his troops.

De Tracy arrived in 1665. He was a man past sixty, tall and very stout. "The largest man I have ever seen,"

wrote Mother Marie. His face was sallow with fever, for he had come from a year's command in the West Indies. He had two hundred men with him, and a thousand more were expected shortly.

On a sweet June morning, the little fleet dropped anchor off the city, and from the masthead of the commander's ship outbroke the royal banner of France, the great white flag, its golden lilies glittering in the sun. The guns of Levis, St. Louis, and Cap Tourment roared a welcome. All Quebec was on the ramparts, or at the wharf, to see the great folk land.

First came the marquis in crimson velvet and gold lace. His cloak was lined with yellow satin, his plumed hat was looped with jewels, his scabbard shone with mother-of-pearl and silver. Quebec drew in her breath; she had never seen so grand a gentleman before.

On his right and left hand walked a group of young nobles, his lieutenants, gorgeous in ribbons, laces, velvets, and huge, curled, white wigs. Behind came twenty-four guards in the King's livery; and these were followed by four pages and six valets. Such was de Tracy's common attendance whenever he walked abroad.

With much puffing and blowing the glittering procession mounted the steep hill; Fort St. Louis on their left, Couillard's house and Laval's new seminary on their right. At the top of the hill they were met by Laval in full robes, the priests and Jesuits behind him. The bishop greeted the general, kissing him on both cheeks, and offering the Holy Water. A page presented a cushion, but de Tracy put it aside with his hand, and kneeling on the stones, prayed devoutly for a blessing upon his expedition.

Older citizens climbed the hill to cheer the procession on its way, but the boys and girls were all on the wharves below. Here, to the music of trumpets and drums, the

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

MOUNTAIN HILL, QUEBEC, AS IT IS NOW

famous Carignan-Salières regiment was disembarking. In double file they marched across the gang-plank and formed upon the landing-stage. They wore scarlet tunics, high white hats, and white hip boots. They moved with smart precision, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. The sharp commands of their officers thrilled in every boy's heart.

The Carignan-Salières was a fighting regiment which had covered itself with honour in many a battle. Its officers were noblemen; its men of the bravest. Led by de Tracy they made two expeditions to the Iroquois country and so handled the savages that they left New France alone for eighteen years.

MAISONNEUVE'S FAREWELL

Maisonneuve had now been Governor of Montreal for twenty years. In spite of the Iroquois the little town had grown steadily under his wise rule. Maisonneuve was an honest man; he did not care to make a fortune; his ambition was to govern Ville Marie in such a way that the town should prosper and the people live happily. His spirit of kindness and fair-dealing was contagious. Many of the officials and inhabitants imitated him. This gave Montreal a great advantage over Quebec, where one governor quickly followed another, each of them with a private fortune to make.

In the beginning, the Governor of Montreal received his power directly from the King of France. He was supreme upon the island of Montreal; but, in all matters touching Canada as a whole, he was subordinate to the Governor of Quebec who acted as Governor-General. As one governor succeeded another at Quebec, some of them wise, others not, Maisonneuve found it more and more difficult to agree with them. Under de Mézy, who came out in 1662, open trouble arose. This is what happened:

The Gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice had, you remember, bought the island of Montreal. It was their seigniory. A seigneur, as you know, had the right to act as judge on his own seigniory. The Gentlemen of the Seminary accordingly appointed officers of justice to act in their town. They claimed the right to appoint the governor also. These powers, they said, had been granted them when they bought the estate in 1644.

Now de Mézy took it upon himself to appoint officers of justice for Montreal, and the Sovereign Council at Quebec supported him in his choice. The Gentlemen of the Seminary refused to accept these officers. They may not have objected to the men, but they said it was their right and not de Mézy's to choose them.

De Mézy would not give in. He said that, as Governor-General of Canada, he had the right to name not only the officers of justice but also the Governor of Montreal. He wrote to Maisonneuve saying that he was in a better position than the Gentlemen of the Seminary to choose a good governor.

He said also: "We have been well informed of your good services during the twenty years of your commanding, of your fidelity, valour, experience, and wise conduct." He ended by appointing Maisonneuve, Governor of Montreal.

Maisonneuve, who had already been governor for twenty years, must have smiled at that letter. He accepted the position, but without giving up the right of the Gentlemen to choose the governor. He stood by the seminary, as seigneurs of Montreal, through the quarrel. The matter was referred to the King who, after many months, confirmed the Gentlemen of the Seminary in their rights.

De Mézy had been deeply wounded by Maisonneuve's opposition. He would not forgive him and, at the end of June 1664, he used his influence to have de la Touche named Governor of Montreal. As it happened, de Mézy died before the change was made, but de Tracy, who now came out as viceroy, was not clever enough to see through the affair. He gave way to the pressure exerted by de Mézy's friends and Maisonneuve was recalled to France.

So great a man was Maisonneuve that there was no

bitterness in his soul at this unjust treatment. He made no complaint at being driven out of the town which he had built. He began at once to put his affairs in order. He had saved little money, but he made a parting gift of six thousand livres [1] to the poor of the Hôtel Dieu. Quietly he retired to France and Montreal grieved for his loss.

In Paris, he hired two small rooms upon the second floor of a lodging-house, and lived there very simply till his death. His great pleasure was to seek out men who had been in Canada, take them home to his rooms, and make little feasts in their honour. When dinner was over the hours passed quickly in tale and counter-tale of the far-off St. Lawrence and loved Ville Marie.

TALON

It was a happy hour for Canada when Colbert chose Talon as our first intendant. An intendant is a kind of business manager. During the hundred years which followed, many good and efficient men held the position, but Talon was by far the greatest of them all.

He was a business man with a vision. He could imagine a new thing, or work out a new and better way of doing a known thing. Never strong and often really ill, he worked tirelessly to build up a prosperous country. He found in Canada three small, widely-separated settlements; he left her welded together into a growing country.

Talon's first task was to arrange transportation and food for de Tracy and his regiment up the Richelieu river into the Iroquois country. He planned every detail

[1] A livre is worth about 24 cents.

most carefully. The stores from de Tracy's ships were landed and sorted. Things likely to be needed at once were placed on one side; materials that would keep, on another. A store-house was hastily run up on the Richelieu and Talon kept fifty boats plying between it and Quebec, carrying men and supplies to reinforce the expedition. Much of de Tracy's success against the Iroquois was due to Talon's good work at the base of supplies.

NEW SETTLERS

After being saved from the Iroquois, Canada's greatest need was more people. As soon as the savages had been dealt with, Talon took this matter in hand. The census was taken in 1666 and Talon found that there were in Canada two thousand and thirty-four men, eleven hundred and eighty-one women, besides boys, girls, and babies. Among these were three schoolmasters, three lawyers, five doctors, and eighteen merchants. Besides these there were the King's troops, and a large number of priests and nuns, probably four thousand people altogether. This was not nearly enough to fill so large a country as Canada was even in those days.

Talon explained to the King and to Colbert how valuable a country they had here. He said that France could not afford to leave it any longer to the fur traders and fishermen. He showed how Canada could be built up into a great colony which, in time, would become a fine market, buying all the surplus goods of France, and providing work and homes for her surplus population.

For a time Colbert helped Talon greatly. He made known in France the King's generous offers of land and goods to men who would go out to Canada. He gathered

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE HABITANTS BUILD THEIR HOUSES CLOSE TOGETHER

the settlers together at the ports, and hired ships to take them across the ocean. He sent over ship-loads of pigs, sheep, cattle, and horses to be given the new settlers. The wharves of Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal bustled with the loading and unloading of goods and people. Not a week passed without ships sailing up the St. Lawrence to discharge their cargoes of flour, meats, wines, hats, boots, clothes, or household goods. Two thousand people are said to have landed in Canada during the next year, all of them sent at the King's expense.

On this side of the water Talon was no less busy preparing for the newcomers. In those days it took several months to cross the ocean; so that, if the settlers started in June, it was usually September before they reached Canada. As it was then too late to plant crops for that year, Talon had to take care of each summer's emigrants

until the next spring when they could go to work upon the land.

Across the river at Charlesbourg, he put up forty houses in three different clusters to be ready for the settlers expected next year. Food, clothes, and tools were sorted and stored, so as to be ready. The emigrants of one year helped to pay for their board and lodging through the winter by preparing lands and houses for the next year's arrivals.

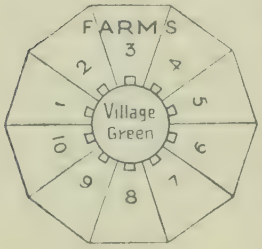
Presently Colbert became alarmed. "You will empty France to fill Canada," he said, and refused to send any more settlers. Talon wrote back to say that Canada had still far too few people and to beg Colbert not to stop the good work. The great minister would not listen. He seems to have been really afraid that France would be emptied. Besides, it cost a great deal of money to send out and provide for so many people; perhaps the King and his minister were getting a little tired of paying such large bills. Talon begged so hard that, in the end, Colbert promised not to prevent people going out. With this Talon had to be content.

GETTING SETTLED

The French are a very sociable people. They like living close together in little neighbourly groups, where they can help one another with their work, and visit back and forth in the evenings. There was always danger from prowling savages to be guarded against, too; it was not wise to live alone in those days.

Talon thought out an excellent plan for his new settlers. He had the land surveyed, and gave the people farms shaped like a triangle. Each farmer built his house upon

the point of the triangle, which brought all the houses together in a friendly circle with an open space for games and dancing in the centre. Thus, each little group of farms formed a tiny village by itself. Talon saw to it that at least one carpenter, one mason, and one shoemaker settled in each village. As soon as the settlers had covered in their own log houses, they put up a shed to be used as a store. Here the food, clothes, tools, and seed promised to the settlers were distributed. Here they met to talk over their difficulties, to share jokes, and advise one another about their work.



Next they built a little chapel in the woods to be ready for the priest who came to preach to them whenever he could. It would be very small, just a framework of poles covered with bark; but how glad they were, when the Father came, to go there and kneel on the bare ground while he prayed for them.

As well as giving them the land, seed, and tools, with food to last them till a crop could be harvested, the King paid each settler to clear the first two acres of his farm. In return for this, the farmer was bound, some time during the next three years, to clear another two acres to be allotted to the next emigrant. This was Talon's clever way of helping the newcomers, and hastening the clearing of the land.

THE MODEL FARM

On the pleasant levels beyond the Saint Charles, Talon cleared a large farm for himself. He built a good house and barn, whitewashing both to protect the timber. In eastern Canada the damp air soon rots wood, and all careful farmers either paint or whitewash their buildings. After a long week of business in Quebec, Talon was often glad to mount his horse and ride through the woods to Charlesbourg, there to spend a quiet Sunday overlooking his cattle and crops.

He meant the farm at Charlesbourg to be a kind of model or experimental one. On it he tried out different kinds of grain and roots to see which were best suited to the country. He had some fields ploughed and sown with hay seed, while in others the natural grass was allowed to ripen. Then they fed some of the cattle upon one and some upon another to see which made the best fodder.

When the settlers had cleared a little field they came to Talon for seed. Trying things out upon his own farm as he did, he was soon able to give them not only seed, but the best advice as to what to plant, and when and how to plant it. By 1668 there were 15,649 acres under cultivation, and that year we grew 130,978 bushels of wheat. Canada was no longer a trading post or a fishing station; it had begun to be a country.

Great bales of coarse cloth to be used for sails, covers, sacks, rough garments, had to be brought each year from France. It cost a good deal, and the bales took up space in the ships which was badly needed for other

FIELDS NEAR CHARLESBOURG WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO TALON

things. Talon thought that the hemp out of which such cloth is made might easily be grown in Canada. He sowed several acres in hemp at Charlesbourg and had a fine crop. It was carefully threshed, and Talon sold the seed to other farmers.

Not many were wise enough to see the value of it and, at first, there was not much demand for the seed. Talon set his clever brain devising schemes to make his farmers grow hemp. Instead of charging them money for the seed he sold them, he required them to bring back to him, the following year, the same number of bushels of good seed as he had given them. This seed he passed on to new settlers.

Still not enough hemp was being grown, so Talon seized all the thread in the shops. Every bit of thread in the colony was placed in the government warehouses. When a housewife wanted thread she had to go there for it, and to pay, not money, but hemp seed. So Talon had his way. The women had to have thread, so the men had to grow hemp.

WIVES FOR HOMESTEADERS

When our young bachelors go out to homestead upon the great western prairies, they have, usually, a dreary time of it. After a hard day's work in the fields, they must attend to their stock: water and feed the horses, bring in and milk the cows, feed calves, pigs, and chickens. It is often ten o'clock, in the busy season, before the weary homesteader turns toward his lonely shack. Here, the fire must be lighted, and perhaps dishes washed, before he cooks his supper; a supper probably tasteless and uninviting, since it is the work of one who has not been taught to cook and is too busy to learn.

Cleaning and mending must needs be left till a rainy day, or until winter, and, as you know, such things accumulate rapidly in a house however small. Hastily, or almost never cleaned and mended, the bachelor's shack is not a very comfortable home. If, however, he wishes to change all this by bringing in a wife to do the woman's half of the work on the farm, he must look about for himself. No one will help him to get one.

In the days when Canada was young, things were managed very differently. The population was largely made up of bachelors, for very few married men cared to take, for themselves and families, the fearful risks then involved in crossing the ocean and settling in a savage wilderness. That the men should take up farms, stay upon them, and so build up the country, it was imperative that they should have wives to help them. The government realised this, and took the matter in hand.

Through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of

THE URSULINE CONVENT AND SCHOOL
Founded by Mother Marie and Madame de la Peltrie.

France, they searched till they found a number of young girls who were willing to go. Often they were daughters of men with very large families who could hope to do little for them at home. Sometimes they were orphans brought up in homes or convents. Strong, healthy girls were chosen. They must have had brave hearts as well as strong bodies to dare, all alone, the ocean, the wilderness, the savages, and a land of strangers.

The young women chosen gathered at Rochelle, where they were put in charge of two nuns with whom they sailed to Canada. Very lonely they must have been as the ship put out to sea, and the pleasant shores of France faded from their sight forever. It was indeed forever, for well they knew they were never likely to return. No doubt they wept long and sadly, comforting one another as best they could, while the nuns reminded them that the good God was as near to Canada as to France.

Vessels took many months to make the voyage in

those days and, as they were small and light, they must have pitched badly. The poor young brides were nearly all seasick the first few weeks. By the time they began to find their "sea legs," the fresh food gave out, and living upon salt meat and mouldy biscuit brought on scurvy and other diseases. One after another they fell ill, till there were scarcely any well left to nurse the sick. On most voyages of those days several people died. These women were young and healthy, however. It seemed as if they could adjust themselves to almost any kind of life. They were soon about again and, forgetting their loneliness, began to talk of their new homes in Canada.

Imagine their joy at the first sight of land; their delight as, crossing the Gulf, they sailed up the St. Lawrence between the green shores which still enchant every traveller with their beauty. Quebec was reached at last, and again they began to tremble. What would be their future? Who their husbands? Where their homes? Well, God had brought them safely through fearful dangers, surely He would still have them in His care.

The bachelors had been told that the government was sending out a ship-load of young women to be their wives, and many of them crowded to the wharf to see, and choose. But the nuns shepherded their flock straight up the hill to the convent, where they spent a happy day and night resting, enjoying the fresh food, and walking in the lovely garden.

Many of the young men who wanted wives followed the party to the convent. They did not see the young women, however. They were taken before the Mother Superior and asked to give an account of themselves. That was an ordeal indeed! The grave and dignified Mother asked each about his character and habits; where his farm was; how much land he had cleared;

what kind of house he had; what furniture and stock he owned. Most of them had not very much, so it was all very embarrassing.

When the Mother Superior had listened to their answers, she called in the nuns who had brought the party and discussed the matter with them. They suggested certain young women. These were now called in, and each young man, choosing the one he thought the prettiest, or strongest, or most sensible-looking, took her aside and told her of his possessions and prospects. If she wished, she took him. None of the girls were forced to marry anyone they did not like.

IN THE CONVENT GARDEN

As for those who were left, the nuns took them, next day, down to the little square before the church. Here, young men too bashful or too humble to go to the convent came, talked to the nuns, chose and were chosen by their wives. Sometimes the young farmers had not a house, or enough provisions to satisfy the nuns. In that case, the young woman remained at the convent till her husband earned a home for her.

As they were sent out by the government, these girls were called "the King's Daughters," and the King himself provided their dowry. As soon as the marriage had been celebrated, the intendant, in the King's name, gave each bride fifty livres in supplies and some provisions.

Some writers have made fun of these girls, thinking, no doubt, that they could not have been very modest, leaving home and marrying in this fashion. Certainly all of them were not gentle, well-brought-up girls, but most of them were. More than one historian has taken the trouble to look up the matter carefully, and they are of the opinion that the large majority were very respectable young women who became good wives to their husbands and true mothers to the colony.

Having done so much to help them, the government felt that there was now no excuse for bachelors, and thenceforth they were treated as drones in the hive. Bachelors were not allowed to trade with the Indians, nor to hunt at certain seasons.

François Lenois was brought up before the judge of Montreal for having traded with the Indians, being unmarried. The young man pleaded guilty and was soundly rated by the judge. He was obliged to promise that if he did not marry as soon as the next ship-load of young women arrived, he would give one hundred and fifty livres to the church of Montreal and the same sum to the hospital. He married and saved his money.

On the other hand, young men who married before they were twenty were given a wedding gift of twenty livres. A decree urged fathers and mothers to see that their sons married at twenty, and their daughters at sixteen.

Large families were encouraged too. Mothers and fathers of ten living children were given a pension of three hundred livres a year; while those who had twelve of a family got four hundred livres. Indeed, in those days, when the land was still to be cleared and there was much heavy work to be done, both indoors and out, a large family was a source of wealth, and parents looked with pride on twelve or even eighteen stalwart sons and daughters growing up about them.

CANADA BEGINS TO TRADE

FRANCE had other colonies in the West Indies, and Talon soon made up his mind that Canada should begin to trade with them. "To the West Indies," he said, "we shall sell our goods, and so get money to pay France for the supplies we must buy each year from her."

To begin trade, ships were needed. In 1666 Talon opened a small shipyard on the Saint Charles. His men built a neat little vessel of one hundred and twenty tons. As the first one turned out well, they built a second which was sent down to the lower St. Lawrence to fish. Talon encouraged other men to open shipyards, and the next year seven vessels left the stocks in Quebec.

The intendant now wrote to the West India merchants to find out what cargo they most needed. He found them very friendly and anxious to trade. In 1670 three ships sailed from Canada to the West Indies. They carried cargoes of salmon, eels, salt, fish, dried cod, pease, stone, fish oil, planks, and small masts. Such things are not found in tropical countries, so they sold for a good price. The Canadian ships came home loaded with sugar, molasses, and rum. Business was brisk, the trade thrived, and has continued steadily down to the present day.

Brewing was another industry which Talon started in Canada. In those days few people drank water, which was often impure, and tea was unknown. Everyone used beer or wine. France is a grape-growing and wine-making country. Talon knew that Canada could get better and cheaper wine from the mother country than she could grow herself; "but," said he, "we could make our own beer, and so save money and shipping space. The farms

are already beginning to grow more grain than is needed for flour. A brewery would buy up the surplus, providing at the same time a market for the farmers and cheap beer for the people."

So this busy intendant built a brewery at the foot of the hill below the hospital. It was a large building with great vaults below it which were hewn out of the rock. Later intendants enlarged Talon's brewery and used it as a palace. Beautiful gardens were laid out between it and the Saint Charles, where now run busy streets. In Intendant Bigot's time the palace was burned, and again a brewery was built upon the ancient vaults. There is one there to this day.

TALON'S BREWERY AS IT IS TO-DAY

In 1671 Talon's brewery turned out two thousand barrels of good beer. The intendant rubbed his hands and smiled to think that Canadians were now making their own beer, and so keeping their money at home. He soon had cause to rub the harder and smile more broadly still, for the West Indies heard of Canadian beer and bought two thousand barrels of it. Presently the brewery was producing two thousand barrels a year.

Hops are used in making beer. At first they were brought from France, but Talon soon had a few trial acres growing out at Charlesbourg. They did well. The brewery used all the farmers would bring in. So another crop was discovered for Canada.

FREE TRADE

WHEN the King did away with the old Company of One Hundred Associates and made Canada a royal province, he put all the French colonies under one great association: "The West India Company." To this company he gave a monopoly of the furs and fish, the goods and lands, of all the French possessions in America, Canada included.

In Canada, the West India Company had power to levy duties on goods brought into, or sent out of the colony, and to collect the same. In return they were supposed to pay for the government of the country; the salaries of the officials, the upkeep of necessary offices, the expense of the Sovereign Council.

For the first year or two, the company did not bother the people much; but in 1667 it began to press its claims. Talon found himself more and more handicapped in his work. The company had the power to do things; the King also had power. Thus Canada had two masters. It was very awkward. The company was very willing to collect taxes, but it grudged sorely to pay the expenses of the government. The officers of the company and the government constantly quarrelled about how much the government of the country should cost. Moreover, the people suffered much from the trade restrictions. Talon had written many times to the King and Colbert explaining these difficulties.

At last, in November, 1668, he sailed to France to see what could be done. He arrived at a happy moment. He found the King triumphant after two wars, his coffers

full, his mind disengaged and ready for a new interest. Everything Talon asked was freely granted. The King set aside 200,000 livres for Canada; 150 girls, 30 officers, and 200 other persons were collected to return with Talon; and, best of all, the King granted free trade to the people of Canada, only asking that they be reminded to send to France such cargoes as would sell, there being now a great store of furs in the mother country. Talon, who had hoped for a two-year holiday, was sent back with many compliments upon his splendid work.

TALON SETTLES THE RICHELIEU

It was now time for the Carignan-Salières regiment to go home. The Marquis de Tracy had already gone. He and his men had done well that which they had come to do. The Iroquois were very quiet. "Too quiet," thought Talon, "they are probably planning revenge. As soon as the troops leave Canada, they will fall upon us, and destroy us."

He put his clever brain to work, and presently wrote a long letter to the King suggesting that those officers and men who wished to do so, should be allowed to settle in Canada. The King gave permission, and Talon at once began to arrange for it. Many of these brave men were adventurers at heart, and had grown to like the forest life. Others, who had no prospects in France, felt that in Canada they would have a chance to build up a name and great estate for their children. Most of them were eager to stay.

The regiment was disbanded, and Talon, who had his plans ready, settled them along the Richelieu River

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

FORT CHAMBLY AND THE RICHELIEU

as a bulwark against the Iroquois. The officers were given large grants of land, twenty thousand acres or even more, and became seigneurs. The men had smaller grants. Each officer gathered his own men around him, and built a stout little fort on the river. The men kept their weapons bright and were prepared at any time to leave their work in the fields and rush to the fort, should the Iroquois appear. Soon Sorel, Chambly, a long row of seigniories stretched southward along the Richelieu and formed a wall of defence behind which Talon hoped Canada would be safe.

The plan worked well as far as the Iroquois were concerned. They had had enough of the Carignan-Salières. But many of the men, better soldiers than farmers, did not get on very well with the clearing and tilling of their lands. They were used to excitement and found cutting down trees and digging out stumps very dull

work. Some of them were too proud to work with their hands. They wished to have their work done for them. This kind of person is out of place in Canada. On the whole, farming got on rather slowly along the Richelieu.

THE SEIGNEURS

When Talon came to Canada he found only about half a dozen seigneurs resident on their lands. The Company of One Hundred Associates had granted some sixty seigniories altogether, most of them to members of the company. These men never intended to come to Canada. They seized and held these large grants of land, hoping to sell them when they became valuable. In 1663, when the King abolished the old company, he took back all the seigniories which the owners were not improving. Talon granted them to new settlers.

If a man had any money when he came to Canada, he went to Talon and asked for a seigniory. If he was well born, well educated, and had a few thousands of dollars, he was given a large grant. If he was not fitted to be a leader, or had only a few hundreds of dollars, they gave him a small seigniory. Most men got about twelve square miles, which would seem a pretty large farm to us nowadays. The seigniories had, usually, about a mile of frontage on the St. Lawrence and stretched back to the foothills in the rear.

The new seigneur did not pay anything for his land, neither cash down nor yearly rent. If he sold it, he was supposed to pay a kind of fine amounting to one-fifth of the value; but very few sold, and to those who did, the intendant often rebated the fine.

When the seigniory had been chosen and the papers signed, the seigneur had to go with the intendant to the Château St. Louis. Here at certain hours the governor gave audience. In his satin and velvet robes of state, he sat upon the vice-regal chair, with his officers and friends about him. The seigneur-to-be, stripped of sword and spurs, and bareheaded, knelt before the governor, while the intendant announced his new name and lands. He then swore fealty to the King and promised obedience in all lawful matters.

He was now bound to live on his lands, to clear them, have them surveyed into farms, and settle upon them a suitable number of tenant farmers. If he failed to do this within a reasonable time, the intendant took his lands away from him and granted them to someone else.

THE CENSITAIRES

The tenant farmers were called "censitaires." They cleared and tilled the soil. As soon as a seigneur had his land surveyed, he began to look about for censitaires. Sometimes he went to France and brought out men from his home village; sometimes he wrote to friends who had influence and could send him men. Less careful seigneurs left it to chance. When they heard

THE HABITANT.

that the government had sent out a ship-load of men and women, they hurried down to the landing-place at Quebec or Montreal, and each persuaded as many as he could to settle on his land.

As soon as the immigrant ship docked, the passengers rushed ashore, shouting with joy at being free after weary months in the narrow vessel. The wharves swarmed with people talking, laughing, calling, waving their arms excitedly, even sobbing with relief at being upon land again. A few were welcomed into the warm arms of friends, the greater number knew no one in the country. Fathers hurried back and forth gathering bundles and bales together as they were brought up from the hold; mothers sat upon the heap of possessions already collected; boys and girls rushed about, getting in everyone's way; babies cried; young men hurried off to see the town; maidens held closely to the little group of nuns who had brought them over.

Into this busy throng came the seigneurs. Eagerly they pushed from one group to another, looking for young, stalwart men and sturdy wives. One seigneur walked thoughtfully round a family group, trying to decide whether or not they would be good workers; another rushed up to man after man, explaining, persuading, promising. Great was the rivalry between seigneurs for the strongest-looking tenants; loud the description of valuable lands and easy terms to be obtained. Occasionally two seigneurs came to blows about a promising workman, while he stood by grinning at the fun.

When the censitaire reached the seigniory, he found himself allotted a long narrow farm fronting upon the river, an eighth of a mile wide, perhaps, and a mile or mile and a half long. This shape of farm made it possible for the settlers to build their houses close together for protection in case of Iroquois raids. To be together

suited their sociable, fun-loving natures, too, and made it easier for them to help each other with their work.

Such a farm had its disadvantages also. The rear fields were so far from the house that the easy-going censitaire, or "habitant" as we call him nowadays, was apt to neglect them. Careless of the rotation of crops, he planted and sowed year after year on the front fields. Even careful farmers who cleared and tilled their back lots wasted a great deal of time going to and from their work. When a man died, he left his farm to be divided among his sons and, as each of these insisted upon having a bit of frontage, the farms presently became mere ribbons. The banks of the St. Lawrence soon looked as they look to-day, like an unending village street of whitewashed houses stretching from Montreal to Tadoussac.

The censitaire did not buy his land from the seigneur. He paid "cens and rents" for it. The "cens" was a very small money payment upon which he and the seigneur agreed. It seldom amounted to more than a few cents per acre for each year. The "rents" meant payment in kind: grain, hay, young pigs, chickens, anything which the censitaire had and the seigneur needed might pass.

One seigneur made his agreement for: "one fat fowl of the brood of the month of May; or twenty sous for each front arpent." Another agreed for "one minot of sound wheat or twenty sous per arpent of frontage." It does not seem very much rent to pay for fifty or sixty acres of land; and when one remembers that the seigneur received such rents from no more than twenty-five or thirty tenants, one wonders how he managed to live.

The censitaire had to grind his wheat at the seigneur's mill, make his cider at the seigneur's press, and kill his meat in the seigneur's slaughter-house. For the use of each he paid a small toll. He had to work for the seigneur

three days in each year, but he was not forced to do his share during ploughing, seeding, or harvest, and the seigneur must provide him with food and tools while he worked on "corvée." The seigneur might at any time take stone or firewood from any part of his estate, and when the censitaire went fishing he was supposed to give his seigneur one fish out of every eleven caught. Few seigneurs bothered to claim this right.

THE SEIGNIORY

The seigniory, stretching its broad acres up and down the river, had its centre in the little group of buildings where the seigneur and his family lived.

A few of the seigneurs were wealthy and kept up a great deal of state in their homes. Others, who had little money, lived almost as simply, and worked quite as hard, as the censitaires. Many were at once poor and too proud or too lazy to work; sometimes the latter nearly starved.

The manor house was a long low building of heavy stone with great overhanging gables and steep roof. From the main house, a wing was presently run out to form an "ell." Sometimes the "ell" was formed by a long row of sheds and outhouses. The barns and stables stood at the end of this row. There were sheds for the calves, and the pigs, and the chickens; for storing the firewood, and the wool; for smoking meat, and making soap. There was a barn-yard, and a garden, a pillory and, rarely, even a gallows, for the seigneur was also lawyer and judge and had power to try, and punish his people. From a little distance the seigniory looked like a village.

Inside, the house was divided into three rooms. The living-room or hall took up all the central space. It was a long, wide room with a low ceiling, crossed by great beams. Here the seigneur did business with his tenants, sat down to dinner with his family, and smoked, talked, sang, and danced with his friends when they came to visit him. Here, madame and her daughters sat by the great fireplace, spinning, weaving, or mending. At one end of the hall stood the great pleasant kitchen where all the boiling, frying, and cleaning was done. At the other was placed the family bedroom. Above stairs, a many-cornered attic was tucked away under the gables. Here slept the servants, and the children as they overflowed from the bedroom downstairs.

As soon as they could afford it they covered the chilly floor of the living-room with a gay-coloured woollen carpet. The furniture was often an odd mixture of the roughest pieces knocked together by the village carpenter, and handsome old sideboards, tables, or chairs brought from France. Seigneurs of family and means occasionally even brought over the great bed with canopy and curtains used in those days.

THE MOCCASIN LOAF

Mother shapes with roll and toss,
  Father marks it with a cross;
From the oven rake the coal,
  Place it in the glowing hole;
When the loaf is baked at last,
  Children, you shall break your fast.

Canadian Pacific Railway

OLD-FASHIONED OVEN

THE BAKE-OVEN

A FEW yards from the kitchen door stood the great bake-oven. It was built of stone or of clay on a stone foundation and had a steep roof of boards. They built the fire in the oven itself and, after the whole structure was thoroughly heated, swept out the coals and put in the bread. The loaves were very large; "the Moccasin loaf," as it was called, usually weighed six pounds. This old-fashioned oven is still seen in Quebec and is said to make most delicious bread.

Upon some seigniories the censitaires were compelled to bake their bread in the seigneur's oven, and to pay him a small sum for the use of it; elsewhere neighbouring families united to build and use the same oven. The bread was mixed and made by the women, but, in old days,

it was the custom for the head of the house to trace with the point of a knife a cross upon each loaf. This was their way of saying thanks to God for the good bread.

THE GRIST MILL

At the foot of the hill, beside the little brook which ran into the river, stood the seigniorial grist mill. Each seigneur was required to build a mill for his people and they were compelled to use it.

The mill was usually round, built of great stones, its walls three or four feet thick. The machinery was very crude. Two great flat stones lay one upon the other. These stones were connected with the great wheel which stood outside in the stream. When the wheel was left free, the water flowing over it turned it round and round. This made the stones move. They arranged it so that one stone turned toward the right, and the other toward the left.

When the censitaire brought in his wheat, the miller released the great wheel and presently the mill-stones began to turn. Then he poured the wheat into a hopper and it ran slowly through a hole in the upper stone. There was no hole in the lower stone, so the grain could not escape and was crushed between the moving stones. As more grain came pouring through the hole, the turning stones pushed the crushed grain and flour towards the edge of the lower stone. Presently it fell off and was caught by the screens arranged for the purpose. A coarse screen caught the roughage; a fine one below it caught the flour.

When there was no stream near, they put sails on the mill and made the wind turn the stones.

Even the simplest kind of grist mill cost a good deal to build, and the poor seigneurs found it difficult to pay for one. Very often the one erected was so crude that it barely cracked the grain, and there being no screens at all, the censitaire got "whole wheat" out of which to make his bread. Perhaps that is why these people were so healthy and happy, for nowadays the doctors tell us that "whole wheat" bread is much the best kind to eat.

Canadian Pacific Railway

ANCIENT WINDMILL

The seigneur took part of the grist as pay for the use of his mill. Most of them took only a little from each, but cruel landlords sometimes robbed their tenants by taking much more than their share. Should this happen the censitaire could not help himself, for he dared not have his grain ground elsewhere.

As the mills were such strong buildings, they were often used as forts. The builders left loopholes for muskets in the thick walls. When the Iroquois appeared, the people took refuge in the mill, and, as they were quite safe there, they soon drove off the enemy.

In the year 1691 Laval built a mill for his tenants at Petit Pré. It was ninety feet long and forty feet wide;

its massive walls three and a half feet thick. It has several times been damaged by fire, but it still stands, and the farmers of the neighbourhood still take their grain there to be ground. The deed of the property provides that the mill shall be kept open perpetually for their use. Laval himself had a room in this old mill and slept there when he visited Petit Pré.

ST. MARTIN'S DAY[1]

Scene

A seigniorial hall or living-room. There are windows at both ends, a great fireplace in the middle of the back wall, and a door opposite. The seigneur sits in a high carved chair at one end of the long dining-table, with a great book and many papers before him. Behind him, between the windows, there is an oak cupboard from which other books are brought out. There is a heavy wooden settle by the fireside and several home-made chairs. Horns and antlers fastened to the wall serve as racks for arms.

Characters

Seigneur Bienval, a very tall, thin man, grey-haired, brown as an Indian.

Madame, his wife, a small woman who looks ill.

Catharine and Tessa, his daughters of eighteen and seven.

Louis, René and Oliver, his sons, of seventeen, twelve, and ten.

Jean Brouage, chief tenant, and his wife Marie.

[1] St. Martin's Day is November 11. On this day the censitaires paid their rent.

MARTIN EBERT, a lazy man, and his wife THÉRÈSE.
PAUL TOUSIN, a stingy man, and his wife JEANETTE.
Other censitaires, their wives, many children.

The Seigneur (*warming his back at the leaping fire*). It is cold indeed. The wind cuts like a knife.

Madame (*on the settle, draws her shawl about her*). If the wind falls we shall have snow perhaps.

René (*mending a bow*). Oh, mother! Not snow yet.

Louis (*cleaning his gun*). We had snow at the beginning of November last year, youngster.

René. Father, say he mustn't call me youngster. I stand five feet against the door-post.

Louis (*jeering*). Five feet indeed! Not within two inches of it.

Enter Oliver and Tessa dragging a log for the fire.

Children (*shouting*). Here they come! Jean Brouage arrives. He is always first.

Catharine (*entering with floury hands*). Mother, do see if I have enough cakes. Jean and Marie are almost here.

[*They go out together.*

Seigneur (*seating himself and arranging papers*). Come, boys, away with you. Clear away this débris.

[*Sound of arrivals outside. Enter Jean and Marie in blanket coats, with red scarfs, tuques and mittens.*

Welcome, Jean! Welcome, good Marie! Always first on St. Martin's Day. Come, draw up to the fire. That is a wind!

Jean (*rubbing his ears with his tuque*). You may well say, my lord, a wind indeed! Gros Bèbe will have a cold drive from Sugar Creek to-day.

Marie (*nodding mysteriously*). He will be here, none the less. Nanette has that—a basket for Madame.

Jean. Come, then! to our affairs. Sieur Bienval, my name shall be the first checked in the great book.

Seigneur (*reseating himself*). As you will, my Jean. Bienval is blest in so good a tenant.

[*Together they turn the pages and find Jean's name.*

Seigneur (*reading aloud*). Jean Brouage: two hundred arpents, east from middle river to the swamp: eleven livres in silver and two young pigs of the June litter: to be paid on St. Martin's Day.

Jean (*counting from leather bag*). One, two, three (*continues to eleven*) silver livres, his majesty's face on every one of them.

Marie (*who stands by his side and has counted also*). The pigs are in the cariole. I will tell Louis to take them out. Ah! he does it already. Hear them squeal. They are so strong, those pigs, fed on buttermilk.

Enter Madame with a plate of cakes and Catharine with a tray, wine and glasses which are placed at the other end of the table.

Madame (*shaking hands with Marie and Jean*). Our good friends! First again on St. Martin's Day.

Marie. The young pigs, Madame will find them of a flavour this year. Nothing but the best have they had.

Seigneur. Witness all! For this year, 1671, I check off all account against Jean Brouage.

Catharine. Come then, Jean, a glass of wine to warm you both.

[*As Jean and Marie, on the settle, take wine and cakes, sounds of arrival outside.*

Enter Paul Tousin and Jeanette.

Seigneur. Welcome, Paul! Come in, Jeanette. It is cold then.

Madame. Come to the fire. Jeanette is blue with the wind. A little wine, Catharine.

Paul (*in a complaining voice*). Cold indeed, my lord, we are all but perished.

Jeanette (*her teeth still chattering*). Better to have walked. I told Paul, but he would not listen. That old caleche is a wind trap indeed.

Paul (*stubbornly*). One does not walk on St. Martin's Day. I am a man who knows what is due at the seigniory.

Catharine (*serving wine and cakes*). Indeed yes, Paul!

Seigneur (*turning pages of great book, reads*). Paul Tousin: two hundred arpents, less fourteen: west from the Manor farm to the long wood: eight livres of silver, one minot of cleaned wheat: to be paid on St. Martin's Day.

Paul (*approaching table reluctantly*). It is a hard pull, my lord, to get eight silver livres. That is a great deal of money. I work hard, no one can say that I am lazy. There are those who like not the plough, but I am not so.

Seigneur. One of the best in the seigniory, Paul. No one is before Paul Tousin in the field.

Paul (*complainingly*). The seed comes up thin all the same. My fields have not the goodness.

Seigneur. Come! come! Paul. There was not a better crop in three seigniories than your oats this year.

Jeanette (*eagerly to Madame*). And our potatoes on the new field. Not less than eighteen to the hill. That is true, thank God.

Paul (*sternly*). Be silent, woman! Know thy place before the seigneur. Thy tongue is a mill. An we could tether it to the wheel, my lord need never wait for a wind.

René (*entering, bows to all*). Louis asks, father, if Paul wishes us to measure the cleaned wheat in the caleche.

Seigneur. All in good time, my boy.

Paul. There is a little less than a full minot, my lord, but

Enter Tessa. She bows to all.

Tessa. Mother, Thérèse is in the kitchen crying, and I said I would bring you. I fear she may have frozen her ears.

Madame. Stay you here, child, I will go to her.

Enter Martin Ebert, ragged and slouching.

Seigneur. Come, Martin. Thou art welcome. Thou hast brought thy three livres early this year. That is better.

Martin (*grinning, but ashamed*). I have not brought them at all, my lord. I had but two that I got for a bale of beaver skins, and Thérèse she gave one to the curé when petite Rosa died.

Seigneur (*sternly*). You are a lazy rascal, Martin. Do you think I don't know how you neglect your fields and lie about in the woods all day? You are a disgrace to the Seigniory of Bienval, and if you do not mend your ways and clear a two-acre field this year, packing you shall go. Had it not been for Thérèse——

Madame (*entering with Thérèse who weeps*). Raymond, here is Thérèse.

Thérèse (*falls on knees beside seigneur's chair sobbing*). It is my fault indeed, my lord; we had two livres and I will have another by Christmas for the wool, but I took one for Rosa, my little lamb!

Seigneur (*pats her shoulder*). There! there! Thérèse. Do not cry. The curé shall have the livre from me for the little one, and you shall pay the other when you can. It is this lazy rascal——

Enter Oliver shouting.

Oliver. Here is Gros Bèbe in a new caleche. It is a procession. Behind come Joseph and Gran'père Latteau and Felix and——

[*He rushes out. There is a great deal of stamping and*

shouting outside. Madame and Catharine go out. The others rush to the windows. Gros Bèbe enters and stands in the doorway. He is a very large man with a laughing face.

Seigneur. Welcome! welcome! Gros Bèbe. Your smile drives away the tears at once.

Gros Bèbe (*with a great laugh of delight*). It is the new caleche, my lord; such style! But come and see. Nanette is so proud——

Enter Nanette with covered basket; Madame, Catharine, Thérèse, René, Oliver and as many Censitaires as can crowd in after her.

Nanette (*laying basket on the table*). Look, Madame! Look, my lord! what I have brought for my sweet lady. Sure they are the first in this land. Are they not beautiful?

[*She removes cloth from top of basket and shows three red apples.*

All. Oh! Oh! How beautiful! Apples! The tree bears! Nanette keeps a secret.

Madame (*with tears in her eyes, sits down on settle and takes basket in her lap*). Nanette! Nanette! They bring my home to my mind. La Belle France.

[*She puts head on handle and cries. Other women wipe eyes. Children stare. Men shuffle their feet.*

Gros Bèbe (*anxiously*). The little one, Madame, see! It was but young Pierre who bit him, only a small bite. He knew no better. Pierre is not yet two, Madame, and so much mischief he makes.

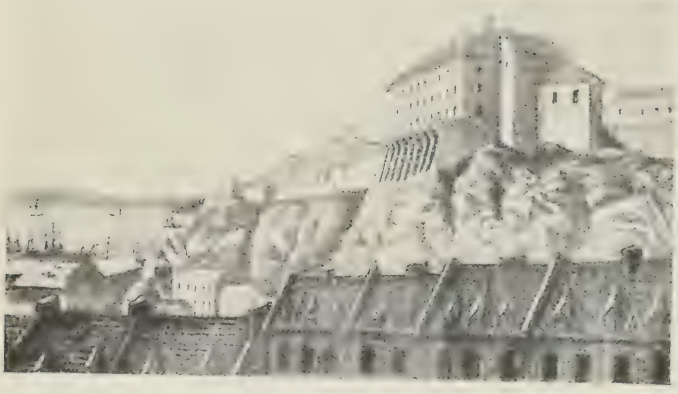
[*He holds up the apple which shows a small, neat part bitten out of its red cheek. Madame, hugging her basket, looks up and bursts out laughing. Everybody laughs and laughs while Gros Bèbe holds*

up the apple and looks anxiously from one to the other.

Seigneur (*stands by wife*). We thank you and Nanette, Gros Bèbe. It was kind of you to bring Madame the apples, and I am very proud indeed that the first apples in this part of the country have been grown and ripened on the good Seigniory of Bienval.

[*Everybody talks at once.*

CURTAIN



THE CASTLE ST. LOUIS

Reproduced from "Historic Tales of Old Quebec," by George Gale

Canadian Pacific Railway

OLD-TIME HABITANT HOME

HABITANT HOMES

THE censitaire's home was, in early days, rather a bare-looking place. As a rule he put it up in a hurry, building it in the middle of his tiny clearing, of logs just cut down. Often, the logs were simply stripped of their branches and put in place. Men who were more careful, or who had more time, faced them on the inside, or both inside and out. When the log frame was ready, the whole family helped to chink it with moss and mud. After suffering greatly from the cold for some winters, the men of the colony learned to throw up a bank of earth two or three feet high all round the house. This protected the floor from draughts.

The house was, usually, low and narrow, with a steep

roof and tiny windows in the gables. The roof was thatched with straw or coarse marsh hay. A lean-to, or storehouse, stood at one end, and the great logs needed for the winter fireplace made a long pile at the other. There was no garden or green space of grass to make the little homestead look pleasant.

After the first year the farmer began to build outhouses and soon, like the seigneur, he had quite a little village round him. The hay barn and stables were built of chinked logs like the house. There were pens for the sheep, the pigs, the fowl. For his root house he dug a deep hole in a convenient bank and roofed it with logs, branches, and earth. Near the house he sunk a well, or boxed in a spring; opposite the kitchen door he built his bake-oven; and round the whole farm-place he put up a fence of logs and brush. When, after a few years, the industrious censitaire whitewashed his buildings and planted a bit of garden before his door, he had as tidy a place as anyone could wish to see.

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON

SUNDAY was their happy day in old Quebec. In the morning everyone was up early, for Mass was at nine o'clock. The children washed and combed and dressed one another. Everyone must be at church, or the good curé would have to be told why. After service, the people stood about the church door for half an hour, gossiping about the crops and the week's affairs. Then all went home to early dinner.

In summer, as soon as dinner was over, the family brought the benches or logs which served for chairs out of doors and ranged themselves along the front of

the house. At one end of the line sat the habitant himself, a strong-looking fellow, thin and tall, with broad shoulders and sinewy arms. His hair was so black it shone blue in the sun, and his brown eyes twinkled kindly upon his family and the world.

He wore trousers and blouse of dark grey "homespun," spun, woven, and made up by his wife. He was shod in woollen socks and "bottes sauvage," heavy clogs of hide which laced well up his legs. His cap, on the ground beside him, was a red woollen tuque knitted by Lucie, his ten-year-old daughter. Melanie, still only seven, had already knitted a bright red scarf for her father, and a long sash of the same colour with which he tied his great fur coat in the winter. Madame Habitant sits next her husband. This is the one hour of the week in which her busy hands lie still. For the moment she has not even little Theophile, the baby, in her lap, for Hernani and Christophe are teaching him to walk on the smooth place in front of the door. Madame leans back against the wall of the house as she watches them. She is a short, stout woman in a full skirt and loose coat of dark blue homespun. Her rough shoes barely cover her ankles, and do not lace up as her husband's do. Her woollen stockings are dark blue. She wears an apron of coarse dark cotton and a cap of finer white.

Her five daughters, seated in order beside her, are dressed exactly like their mother. The same web of blue homespun provided each of the six dresses. Anne, the oldest daughter, is eighteen, tall, thin, with a little stoop sidewise which has come from carrying the heavy babies before she was strong enough. There are seven brothers, so that the row in front of the house crosses the doorway and reaches almost to the gable end. The older boys are fitted out with clothes like their father; but the bright-eyed, red-cheeked row of younger boys and girls have

neither caps nor shoes. Indeed, Felix and Theophile, the two youngest, have nothing on except small cotton shifts which go on over their heads and barely cover their fat knees.

The family have not been seated very long before the neighbours begin to appear, first from one direction, then from another. Soon two or three families are visiting gayly; the older folk talking seriously, the young people whispering and laughing, the children playing merry games together. Fine games were possible in those days for there were sure to be seven or eight children to play in each family, and several families together made up teams large enough for any kind of sport.

Presently Anne and Marguerite slipped into the house and there was a great bustle of cooking and setting the table. When the call to supper came, some of the visitors hurried away home, but others came in to find the rough board table laid with wooden dishes and spoons. The first course was almost always pea soup. After that came venison or fish, with bread made of the coarse flour ground by the seigneur's mill. For dessert there were maize cakes and maple syrup.

During the first few years, before there was land cleared for crops, the habitants often had hard times, with very little to eat and wear; but once a man was settled, if he cared to work, he soon had plenty of both.

DAISIES BY THE ROADSIDE IN QUEBEC

MAY DAY

May Day in old Quebec was very different from our modern holiday. There was no May Queen to be crowned, and although they had a Maypole, it was a very strange one.

Very early on May morning, the censitaires with their families began to gather at the seigniory. Singing, shouting, firing their muskets, they dragged a tall, slender fir tree to the seigneur's door. This they carefully stripped of its branches and bark, till it was all white except at the very top where they left a little tuft of green. The pole was gayly decorated with flowers and planted firmly in the ground.

The whole party then joined hands and danced round the Maypole, singing this song:

Le premier Jour de Mai
Labourez
J'M'en fus planter un Mai
Labourez
A la porte de ma mie.

All this time no one had come out of the manor house; not even a face had appeared at any of the windows. When the dance was over, the women and children drew back, while the men loaded their muskets with blank cartridge. At a signal they all fired at the white, flower-trimmed pole. As the first shot sounded, the door of the manor house opened, the seigneur, his wife, family and guests filed out and took their seats upon a half-circle of chairs placed for them. They now watched and applauded the firing which was kept up until the white pole was completely blackened with powder.

Then the doors of the hall were thrown open and everyone invited to enter. The long oak table groaned under its weight of venison, veal, mutton, baked salmon, roast fowls, bread, cakes, and pies. The seigneur's wife and daughters handed round beer and wine. Everyone ate and drank, talked and laughed a great deal.

Sometimes it was mid-afternoon before the feast was done. With much hand-shaking and many good wishes for the coming year, the habitants left the house. Once more they gathered about the pole to shout "Long live the King, and long live our good seigneur!"

When they had driven off, the seigneur carefully banked the pole that it might stand firmly till next May Day. It was a sign that his people loved him and, even though it were in the way, nothing would induce a good seigneur to have it removed.

May morning brings the buttercups,
  Gold set with diamond dew;
I'll weave a crown of buttercups,
  And make a queen of you.

ETIENNE BRULÉ'S ADVENTURE

ETIENNE BRULÉ was one of the earliest *coureurs de bois*. He was sent by Champlain to live among the Indians that he might learn their language and customs, and so help in the exploration of the country. Brulé seems to have been a sensible young man. He did not, as so many of the young men did, go off with the Indians and deliberately let himself sink to their level of dirty and ignorant savagery. He spent much time in the lodges, made friends of many tribes, studied languages and customs carefully; but always returned to the settlements to use his knowledge for the good of the colony.

One spring, Brulé set out with some Indian friends to get furs in the north. They were a small party and when they chanced upon a roving band of Iroquois, they decided to scatter and hide.

In some way, Brulé missed the rendezvous. He was in a part of the country unknown to him. The woods were strange and forbidding. Neither beast nor bird moved in them. Worn out, and fainting for lack of food, the young hunter came at last upon a path. His heart stirred with hope as he staggered along, but sank again as he found himself approaching an Iroquois village.

Too weak to go farther, he pushed boldly into the camp and asked for shelter and food. The Indians suspected an enemy, but they led him into a tent and fed him well. When he had eaten, they began to ask questions.

"Who are you?" inquired the chief, "and where do you come from?"

"I am a friend," answered Brulé cautiously, "I came from the south and have wandered far seeking furs."

"Are you not one of the Men of Iron (French)?" asked the chief suspiciously.

"I belong to a better race," said Brulé, "I am a friend of the Indians."

The Iroquois did not believe him. They felt sure he was a Frenchman and presently led him off to the torture.

Meantime, a storm had been gathering. The wind hurried through the woods, and black clouds covered the sky. Interested in their prisoner, the Indians did not notice the weather. As they stripped him, they found round his neck an Agnus Dei, a sacred token. His mother had tied it round his neck when he was a child and it had never been removed. An Indian put out his hand to seize it, but Brulé snatched it back.

"If you touch that," he cried, "you and your people will all die."

As he spoke, a long zigzag of lightning shot across the sky. It was followed by a tremendous crash of thunder. The Indians cowered, then fled, hiding themselves wherever they could. Brulé was left standing quite alone. He might easily have escaped, but he was not afraid now. God had spoken and saved him. He knelt to thank Him.

When the storm was over, the Indians came stealing back. Very carefully they dressed Brulé's wounds, clothed and fed him. A young man guided him to the nearest Huron village. The tribe was as glad to be rid of him as he was to escape from them.

A CANADIAN BARON

CHARLES LE MOYNE

THERE is only one legal Canadian title of nobility. It is the title of Baron and belongs to the family of Le Moyne. It was granted to the first Charles le Moyne by the King of France in 1698 and has, for more than two hundred years, been borne with honour by his descendants. In 1880 the family petitioned to have their title made legal under the British Government and Queen Victoria granted their request.

Charles le Moyne was born in 1624, the son of an innkeeper in Dieppe. He was a strong, energetic young man who loved adventure, and yet had a great deal of business ability. He came to Canada when he was seventeen and during three years lived and hunted with the Hurons.

When he was twenty he decided that it was time for him to begin to make something of his life. He came down to Montreal, which had just been founded, and cast in his lot with the struggling little town. Through the long years of Iroquois fighting he did his share in defending Ville Marie. He was the friend of Lambert Closse, and one of Maisonneuve's right-hand men. Many brave stories are told of Charles le Moyne.

Le Moyne's skill in business was even more valuable

to the colony than his courage as a fighter. In those days Canada had many warriors but few pioneers. Le Moyne was great in both fields. In 1647 he obtained from the government a grant of land on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, just opposite Montreal. Here he built up the finest seigniory in Canada.

His land stood directly in the path of the Iroquois, but that did not daunt Le Moyne. He began at once to clear and cultivate. In a few years he had a fine, profitable farm. Then he built a house and married Mademoiselle Primot.

After his marriage, Le Moyne lived on his seigniory and began to develop it. He selected his censitaires carefully, choosing only reliable men. He saw to it that they cleared their farms at once, and tilled them properly. He had the stones gathered from the land and with them built substantial stone houses for his people. His mill was one of the few in the land which made really white flour. Following Talon's example, he built a brewery so that his censitaires might make their own beer. In the centre of his little settlement he erected a handsome church. In short, Le Moyne's seigniory was the pride of the countryside.

By 1672 his large family of boys was beginning to grow up around him. He needed more land for them. Talon was very proud of Seigneur le Moyne. He felt that his work was a wholesome example to the whole colony and he gladly made him further grants of land. Among other lands he obtained the Seigniory of Longueuil. As a further reward for his important work he was raised to the nobility; the innkeeper's son became Baron de Longueuil.

This honour made Le Moyne still more zealous in clearing, settling, and improving his lands. He now built a great château on the river, a splendid building of

stone, two hundred feet long by one hundred and seventy wide. It had great bastions and towers for defence and was, in every way, a fitting home for a baron of France. Charles le Moyne, first Baron de Longueuil, died in 1685, full of years and honours.

He left ten sons, all of whom seem to have been as brave and energetic as their father. Several of them played important parts in the history of Canada. You will read their stories elsewhere. Charles, the eldest, inherited the estate, and presently made it one of the most valuable in all Canada. Jean Baptiste, another son, founded the city of New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi. Antoine became Governor of French Guinea. D'Iberville distinguished himself on Hudson Bay, Menneval in Nova Scotia. After Britain conquered Canada, in 1760, Marie le Moyne de Longueuil, great-granddaughter of the first Charles and heiress of the seigniory, married a young Scotch officer. In this happy way the ancient French-Canadian family became British-Canadian.

DURANTAYE

Olivier Morel de la Durantaye was a kind of seigneur very common in Canada in the early days. He was neither very good nor very bad. He did not neglect his lands, but he was only moderately successful in settling them.

He was a captain in the Carignan-Salières regiment, one of those who starved through a terrible winter at St. Ann's. This little fort near the head of Lake Champlain was one of the outposts against the Iroquois. A small force occupied it during the long winter, during which they were reduced to a few pounds of salt pork and a little mouldy flour. They had a small case of brandy, but no water. More than one sad story is told about St. Ann.

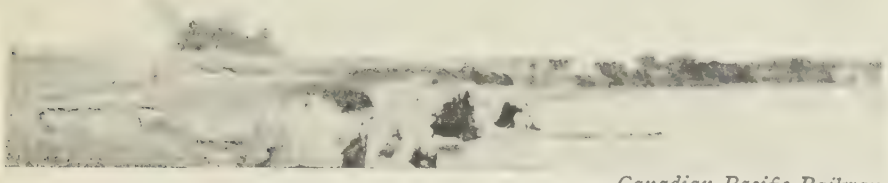
Durantaye went home to France when the regiment

disbanded, but the lure of the colony was upon him. In 1670 we find him back again in Quebec. After a gay winter among the young folk of the little capital, he married a daughter of Quebec and asked Talon for a seigniory.

He obtained one of two leagues square just below Quebec on the south shore. Other grants were made him later and, presently, he had seventy thousand arpents, one of the largest seigniories in the colony. He and his family lived in Quebec, but Durantaye sent to France for censitaires and went, from time to time, to inspect his seigniory.

In 1681, the census shows that Durantaye, his wife, and four children resided in Quebec. His seigniory contained twelve families, fifty-eight people in all. Of these, sixteen were able-bodied men. They had cleared sixty-four arpents of land and had, among them, twenty-eight head of cattle. During the next ten years, Durantaye built a house upon his land where he and his family spent their summers. The number of censitaires and the amount of cleared land increased considerably.

Durantaye was, by nature, a soldier, not a farmer. He fought bravely in the Indian wars, commanding at different western posts. When his fighting days were over, he was given a pension of six hundred livres yearly, and became a member of the Sovereign Council in Quebec.



Canadian Pacific Railway

ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE SHORE

POOR AND PROUD

MANY of the seigneurs did far less than Durantaye towards improving their lands and settling the country. A few were speculators who intended to hold their lands until they could sell them at a good price. Others were officers or gentlemen who had spent all their money in France and came to Canada hoping to build up their fortunes. They did not know how to work with their hands, even if they had not been too proud to use them. They could not hire help. Many of them were soon in pitiful circumstances.

One of these seigneurs, Monsieur de Saint Ours, went to the governor asking leave to go back to France in search of bread. "I will put my ten children in charge of anyone who will give them a living," he said. "I will go into the army again. I will do anything to earn a little money. We have no food. My daughters are in rags. My wife and I are in despair."

As many of the married seigneurs were in the same condition, the governor wrote to the King asking him to send money for them. "If you do not, they will go over to the English," he said. "Men cannot see their children starve." The King sent help more than once, but his charity could not remove the cause of their poverty and many continued to suffer. M. de Saint Ours' daughters worked in the fields; his sons found pleasanter occupation: they took to the woods, becoming coureurs de bois.

COUREURS DE BOIS

The coureurs de bois (runners of the wood) were free traders. They were men who, in defiance of the company's monopoly, and without a licence from the governor, went into the woods to trade in furs with the Indians. The voyageurs were the canoe-men who brought the furs down the rivers and lakes to the merchants at Montreal. They were supposedly employed by the merchants, but many of them were coureurs de bois as well as voyageurs.

As the wood-runners were breaking the law and might be punished in the settlements, they lived their lives in the woods. Many of them sank quickly to the level of the savages with whom they hunted. They married Indian wives, lived in filthy huts, never washed; they drank, gambled, and fought like the savages. Commonly, they wore bright red shirts, cloth trousers, and leather leggings, with moccasins of deerskin. In warm weather a short scarlet cloak was worn over the shoulder; in winter the hunter donned a thick blanket coat tied in at the waist by a long, bright-coloured, knitted sash. He carried a long knife and a tobacco pouch. They were very fond of fine clothes, however; when he could get them, a coureur loved to dress in coloured velvets loaded with lace and embroidery, to flaunt a plumed hat and glittering sword before the admiring eyes of his Indian friends.

In the spring, fifty or sixty of them would go down to Montreal with their stores of furs. The town was overrun with them. Those who had Canadian wives hurried off

to their homes, but the bachelors caroused through the nights and days. They lavished, ate, drank, and played till their goods were gone. Then they gambled away their gold lace, their silvery embroidery, their jewelled hat and shoe buckles, the clothes off their backs. When all was lost they went cheerfully back to the woods to earn more.

Such a life, free from all restraint or responsibility, and full of riotous adventure, drew into it all the wild young spirits of the colony. It became a serious drain upon the population of the settlements. The young men who should have been clearing new lands and raising families to build up the country were off in the woods hunting, loafing, trading in furs and brandy. The Church preached and commanded. The State provided severe punishments; whipping and branding for the first offence; the galleys for the second, and death for the third. But it was all in vain, nothing would keep the young men out of the woods.

Not all of the coureurs de bois were wasters and rioters, however. Many were keen traders intent on making fortunes. In Frontenac's time, the French market was glutted with furs. The merchants were known to have destroyed whole cargoes of skins in order to keep up the price of what remained. But in the early days great fortunes were quickly made in furs. Two beaver skins, bought for a small pocket-comb and mirror, sold for fifty-five shillings ($13.20). In 1690 the Hudson's Bay Company paid to each of its members seventy-five per cent. on his investment. The cargo which Radisson and Grosseillers brought down from Lake Superior in 1665 was worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The best class of coureurs de bois were those who went to the woods, not from love of excitement or of gain, but to explore. Etienne Brulé was one of these.

Champlain sent him to live among the Indians that he might learn their language and their ways. Brulé passed much of his life among them. He hunted and traded, but never forgot that he was a Canadian. His knowledge and influence were constantly used to help the colony. La Salle was another who began as a coureur and became a famous explorer. Much of the Canadian west was opened up by these intrepid men.

NICHOLAS PERROT

NICHOLAS PERROT was another coureur de bois who served the country faithfully. He went out with the missionaries to the Indian country when he was sixteen. For several years he lived among the tribes, studying the Indian language and character. Then he became an independent trader, owing no allegiance to the company, but collecting and selling furs on his own account.

As Perrot was strictly honourable in all his dealings, he was trusted by French and Indians alike. He wandered among western tribes, the Hurons, the Foxes, the Dakotas, the Iowans, the Miamis, and the Sioux, making friends everywhere. He built up a wide trading connection and a still wider circle of influence among the savages. A keen and successful trader, he was not altogether engrossed in making money. As he had travelled so widely he knew more than most men about the greatness of Canada. He believed that a wonderful future lay before our country.

In 1671, the governor asked him to invite the western tribes to a great council at Sault Ste. Marie. By June 14, the tribes for a hundred leagues around had gathered at the Sault. Perrot with Saint Lusson, the governor's

deputy, was there to meet them. The council was held at night. It was opened by the priests who led in the singing of hymns. Then Saint Lusson set up a large cross bearing the King's arms. When it was placed, Perrot proclaimed in a loud voice: "In the name of his Majesty, the most Christian King, Louis of France, I take possession of all this country, west of the Mississippi, north and south of the Upper Lake (Lake Superior), to have and to hold for evermore." A sod was then cut from the earth and handed to Saint Lusson, who received it in the name of the King. Speeches followed, and the council ended with "Vive le Roi!" a great bonfire, and the presentation of gifts to the chiefs.

For twenty-eight years longer Perrot spent most of his time among the Indians. He collected a great deal of information about them and about the western country which proved very useful to the government. In 1685, he was in command at Green Bay and discovered some valuable lead mines. In 1699, when the King of France withdrew his forces from several of the western points, Perrot retired to write his memoirs, and spend his declining years in peace.

TALON AND THE GREAT WEST

When, in 1670, Talon came back to Canada after his trip to France to see the King about the West India Company, he found the country in serious danger. The evil results of the brandy trade were beginning to be seen. Farmers and traders, as well as Indians, were being debauched by it. Crimes of all kinds had greatly increased.

An order of the council now forbade any Frenchman

to take liquor into the woods. Guilty persons were to be fined for the first offence, and whipped for the second.

Unfortunately, the damage had already been done. Three Frenchmen, meeting a Seneca chief with a pack of valuable furs, had made him drunk, stolen his furs, and murdered him. They sunk his body with stones in the river, but it was presently found by an Iroquois warrior. Angry murmurs arose among the Indians. It looked like war.

Governor Courcelles hastened to make peace. He met the Indians and spoke very wisely to them, explaining that the government had had nothing to do with the crime and that the guilty men should be punished. The three murderers were shot and the Indians remained quiet though still resentful.

Talon now asked for two hundred more men. He advised that a fort should be built on the north shore of Lake Ontario and that a small ship be placed upon that lake to help in keeping peace with the Iroquois. These were wise suggestions, but the governor, who was perhaps a little jealous of Talon's influence, did not act upon them.

Talon now turned his busy mind toward the west. Without in any way lessening his work in the colony, he began to push exploration in the south, north, and west. On October 10, 1670, he writes: "I have sent resolute men to explore farther than has ever been done in Canada; some to the west; some to the north-west; others to the south-west and the south. They will take possession of the country and erect posts bearing the King's arms. When they return, they will write accounts of their expeditions; these memoirs will serve as title deeds to the new country."

Joliet and La Salle, whose stories you already know,

were the explorers of the south. Perrot and Saint Lusson were sent to take possession of the west. Saint Simon and Father Albanel explored the Hudson Bay country. They left Quebec in August, 1671, and went to Tadoussac. Paddling up the Saguenay River, they reached Lake St. John, where they wintered. In June, 1672, they discovered Lake Mistassini and, two weeks later, reached James Bay, where they took possession of the country. By July 23 they were again in Quebec and had made their report to Talon.

After being for a time in the hands of the English, Acadia had just been restored to France. Once more the golden lilies floated over Jemseg (in New Brunswick) and Port Royal. Hoping to bind the Atlantic colony more closely to Quebec, Talon planned to build a road from Quebec to the St. John. Colbert approved of the plan and 30,000 livres were set aside for the expenses.

As soon as Saint Lusson returned from the Sault, Talon sent him to Acadia to seek out and report upon the best line for the road. Houses well stocked with provisions and supplies for travellers were to be built every six leagues along the way. Talon hoped that, in time to come, each of these houses might be the beginning of a little settlement. He planned, also, a line of settlements along the Penobscot River to be a barrier against the English. This road was begun but never finished.

Little Road! Little Road!
You run beneath the trees,
  You twist and bend,
  You have no end,
You're just a tease.

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT FUR WAREHOUSE

THE SMUGGLER

Sieur de la Mothe, one of the principal merchants of Quebec, sat at a desk of rough boards in the little office back of his shop. It was already past six o'clock and Notre Dame Street was empty. Masters had done business for the day; clerks had fastened shutters of heavy boards over the narrow shop windows, and gone home. Even the wharves below the market were quiet, for the stevedores and longshoremen were having their supper.

Ordinarily Sieur de la Mothe would have left his office an hour ago, but on this evening in September, 1677, he sat on figuring busily over an account-book. It grew later and later. The sun, near its setting, sent long rays down the narrow, unpaved street. They crept over Sieur de la Mothe's doorstep and along the floor toward his feet.

The great merchant seemed to be waiting for someone. Twice he left his work to glance out of the tiny window; at last he went to the door and, stretching himself, looked carefully up, and then down the street. He was a

tall, heavy man, with a broad red face which turned suddenly purple when he was angry. He had hung his embroidered coat of dark green velvet on a peg, and stood in knee breeches of deerskin tanned soft as a glove, and a shirt of fine linen with ruffles of beautiful lace at the cuffs. De la Mothe peered anxiously into the shadows between the buildings, but the street was apparently empty.

He had barely seated himself when the long rays of light on the floor were suddenly blotted out. Sieur de la Mothe looked up. The doorway was filled from side to side and from top to bottom by a huge Indian. Gros Jean blinked solemnly down into the merchant's startled face and then, shifting sidewise like a shadow, he stood against the wall, his head bent slightly to escape the ceiling.

"Well, my hulk," said the merchant impatiently, "is the *Good Fortune* arrived, then?"

"Ugh," said the Indian, nodding his head.

"Where is she, then? Has Captain Lehane beached her at Little Lost Cove, as I bade him?"

"Ugh," said Gros Jean, nodding again.

"She must have come in with the four o'clock tide. Where have you been, rascal? I've been waiting an hour and more."

"Ugh," said the Indian, jerking his head toward the street, and shifting his weight from the right foot to the left.

"If you say 'ugh' again, you copper image, I'll kick you," said the merchant, hammering the table with his fist. "Tell me, then! where is Moosewa and François Hertel? Why have they not come with you?"

"Moosewa drunk," said the big Indian, shaking his head dolefully, "*plus* drunk. François, he watch canoes."

De la Mothe, his colour mounting, stamped his foot

with rage; but he knew better than to lay a hand on Gros Jean, who could have rolled him up and put him under the table with very little effort. The Indians are a very dignified race. A slap or a kick is to them mortal insult, never forgiven and frequently washed out in the blood of the aggressor. De la Mothe stamped, and smote the table with impatience, but he did not touch Gros Jean.

"How dare Moosewa drink? Image! How dare you let him, when you had sworn to assist me in this? Who will take the third boat? We shall not have the goods transferred by dawn. Go, Jean, go quickly and bring Aremtee to the slip behind the warehouse. Him I can trust—I think I can trust him. He is at Sillery Lower Cove. Go, Jean, fly! We must begin in an hour."

The merchant, as he gave his orders, put his papers in a wooden cupboard and locked it. Gros Jean disappeared. De la Mothe shut his office door and turned up Mountain Street, putting on his coat as he went. He rapped loudly at his own door, and cut short his wife's anxious questions about his lateness. He told her to bring his supper at once, and to put out his rough boots and old coat, as he had important business that might keep him out very late.

He seated himself in a great carved chair by the fireside, calling loudly for Tolla, the page-boy, to take off his boots. Tolla ran in, and turning his back, took the merchant's extended foot between his knees. With his hands Tolla worked the heel of the great boot up and down to loosen it, while De la Mothe, placing his other foot against the lad's back, pushed with all his strength. His foot came out suddenly and Tolla fell forward upon his knees.

Madame de la Mothe, insisting that her husband must wait to have fresh eggs cooked to go with his ham, had hurried off to the kitchen to see about them. The fire

was not to her liking, and the merchant stamped up and down the room shouting that he did not want eggs, that he would not eat eggs, that he hated eggs. Madame was a woman of character, however, and her husband was allowed to stamp and threaten in vain till his supper was prepared to her mind. She followed the maid in with the tray and sat by him as he ate, chatting of the day's affairs.

Supper despatched, it was discovered that the old coat and boots had not been put out. The coat was at hand and one boot, but what could have become of the other no one could say. The master had worn it on Friday because he had gone duck-hunting that day and had come in very muddy. This Rosa, the maid, well remembered. Tolla had cleaned the boots. Madame had said they were no longer fit for one in her husband's position. Anna knew her father had not worn them this week; Charles hadn't seen the old boots in a month. Everyone had something to say, but no one could find the missing article.

The whole house was torn out, candles flashed, voices echoed in every corner, while De la Mothe, almost paralysed with impatience, turned his eyes from the deepening dusk without to the magnificent pair of boots on the hearth. They were of Spanish leather and, when pulled up, reached the hips. The lower part was yellow, the great cuffs which sagged down toward the knee were scarlet, beautifully embroidered with silver. The heels added at least an inch and a half to the wearer's height. They were very handsome and had cost——No! he could not bring himself to wear them to-night. In a furious rage he flung open the door of a small closet under the window seat, and there lay the missing boot.

Thus it came about that the nine o'clock gun boomed out from Castle St. Louis as De la Mothe left the house.

He strode down the steep hill, kicking at the stones and roots in the path and biting his lip to keep from shouting back at his wife, who stood in the door and called after him that she would leave food and wine on the table. At the foot of the hill, De la Mothe turned sharply to the right and stood presently beneath a window in Sous le Cap Street. Two bits of rough board sagged from one leather hinge, making a rough shutter.

De la Mothe rapped softly on the boards with the tips of his fingers.

"What's that? Who's there?" came a startled voice from within.

"It is I, Henri, your master. Hush! I must speak with you."

Cautious steps crossed the floor, and equally cautious fingers fumbled at the leather fastening of the shutter.

"The *Good Fortune* is in, Henri," whispered De la Mothe, "you and Mathias must come at once."

"I had given her up and gone to bed, sir," came a sleepy, somewhat complaining voice from within.

"Well, Lehane is waiting in Little Lost Cove, so get up! get up! and come down to the slip at once. Bring Mathias, and wait there till we return with the boats."

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir," replied the sleepy voice, and the shutter was being drawn to, when a gust of night wind tore it from the worn hinge and the fumbling hand, and sent it crashing into the street. In the next house a woman shrieked. "The Iroquois!" came a shout from the darkness. Instantly a torch flashed in the house opposite. Its rays fell full upon De la Mothe. Twenty pairs of eyes from as many windows saw him plainly. The merchant hesitated for a moment. Then, thinking it best to put a bold face upon a bad matter, he turned.

"It is nothing, good people, nothing," he said loudly. "Henri has left my warehouse door unhooked for the

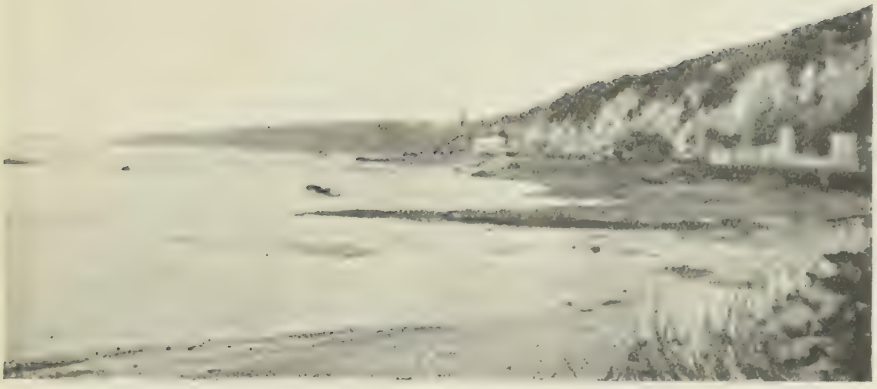
third time. I came but to send him to latch it. See then! his shutter has fallen even as I spoke to him. Back to bed, all of you. It is nothing!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said someone. The torch was doused. The little buzz of voices died away.

At the warehouse slip, De la Mothe found Gros Jean and Aremtee stretched upon a pile of flour sacks, snoring comfortably. Aremtee sprang up at the first footfall, and a dash of water in the face brought Jean to attention. In five minutes the two canoes, driven soundlessly, were well out in the river.

A soft veil of mist lay upon the water in Little Lost Cove. Captain Lehane had hung out no lights; had, indeed, given De la Mothe up for the night and gone to bed with his crew. Aremtee and De la Mothe were forced to wait for Gros Jean to come up. He led them straight to the *Good Fortune*. She lay half-way up the beach in very low water and a little on her side. The morning tide would obviously float her off. If not, the port authorities would be curious to know why. It was necessary, therefore, that De la Mothe's business should be done before four o'clock, and it was already nearing midnight.

Captain Lehane was roused and the men got to work. Short, fat hogsheads of Bordeaux wine were brought up from the hold and lowered carefully into the waiting canoes. Some bolts of silk, a case of spice, other hogsheads of Brazil tobacco followed. Back and forth flew the canoes. Between trips, Henri and Mathias stowed the goods in the after part of a lumbering river craft, the fore part of which was already piled high with huge rolls of sailcloth, coils of rope, and piles of lumber. The men worked in silence, and quickly. The soft bump of the river boat against the wharf was the only sound which disturbed the night. By high tide, the "extra" cargo had been safely transferred.



THE COVE JUST WEST OF QUEBEC

Motioning the Indians aside, De la Mothe turned, account-book in hand, to reckon once more the casks and cases. Instantly a shadow detached itself from the overhang of the warehouse and placed itself at his elbow; a second shadow followed the first as far as a bale of hay which lay at the edge of the wharf.

"You are prompt, Recanier," said De la Mothe in a low voice; "we are but just shipped. Lehane had two more hogsheads of tobacco than we counted on. It is certain that Charlebois will want them."

"Certain," answered the agent in a guarded voice. "Charlebois and Sons bought fifty thousand beaver skins last year. They hope to double it this season."

The two men numbered the casks, each making his own notes. Then De la Mothe ordered the Indians to cover the wine and tobacco with the sailcloth, rope, and lumber. The two merchants entered the warehouse and by the light of a dim lantern compared their books.

"Ten hogsheads of best Bordeaux at eighty livres," said Recanier.

"Plus twenty livres extra charges as agreed," added De la Mothe in a louder voice.

"A hundred livres per hogshead as arranged," agreed Recanier.

"Twelve hogsheads of Brazil, forty sous per pound, plus twenty extra charges," De la Mothe figured audibly. "Twenty-five hundred livres," he announced in a satisfied voice.

"I have here the signed bill, there remains but to fill in the amount," said Recanier. "Charlebois and Sons do not haggle," he added as he wrote the figures on the note and handed it to the merchant.

"An excellent night's work, De la Mothe," said a pleasant voice from the shadows by the door. "You make five hundred livres clear by it, I'll wager."

The merchant's account-book jerked from his hand; he spun round as if shot. "Legrand!" he cried.

"Tariff officer to his Majesty in the Port of Quebec," added the pleasant voice.

De la Mothe sat down suddenly upon a keg. His hands sagged by his side. It had been an unlucky night; everything wrong from the beginning. He had run "extra" cargoes into his warehouse twenty times. Now he was caught. It was the fault of that drunken Moosewa who had delayed all. Well! he was caught and he must pay. He was too tired to protest. Recanier had already disappeared.

"How did you find out, Legrand?" he asked. "*Sapre!* It was Henri's pig of a shutter."

"His Majesty's tariff officer is ever on the watch, my friend. His sleepless eye is never weary in the King's interest. You ought to know that, De la Mothe." The pleasant voice was now full of good-natured mockery. Antoine Legrand stepped into the dim circle of light and swept the collapsed merchant a courtly bow. He

was a tall, slender, dandy of a fellow in a great curled wig and foppish velvets.

"You are under arrest, my friend. You must explain this to the intendant in the morning. Mustn't cheat the law, you know, mustn't cheat the law, not when Legrand is about."

"I suppose I may go home to bed?" broke in De la Mothe crossly.

"But certainly, my friend, certainly. You will give me the keys here and go home to bed, not forgetting to appear in court at ten o'clock promptly."

The Sovereign Council of Quebec sat about a handsome oak table in the governor's withdrawing-room in the Château Saint Louis. The mornings were already chilly and the thick stone walls made the viceregal rooms slow to heat. A brisk fire burned in the wide chimney-place and the table had been drawn near it. The Marquis de Tracy sat at one end, with Governor Courcelles on his right, and Laval on his left. Intendant Talon sat at the other end of the table with a clerk at his elbow. Private members had squeezed themselves in all on one side of the table. They sat with their backs to the fire. Talon conducted the meeting.

Some public business was completed and then Legrand and De la Mothe were called. Legrand told his story and the fight began. De la Mothe admitted that he had done business with Charlebois and Sons of Montreal for several years. His books were at the service of the Council, but certainly! All except those for the years 1665 and 1666. These—it was most unfortunate—had been burned in a warehouse fire a few weeks before.

"Is it true that you bargained with Charlebois for twenty livres above the legal price on each barrel of wine?" Talon's question cut short discussion.

"It is quite true, my lord; but you are a business man,

you will understand; hear me! My hogsheads, imported from my own agents in Bordeaux, contain full hundred and twenty pots as compared with a hundred pots in the ordinary cask. My wine is of the finest vintage; the leakage is considerable, a full cask is often lost by reason of the sailors helping themselves; the risk of transportation is enormous. I swear to you that I make but a reasonable profit, and that I cannot afford to sell Bordeaux wine or Brazil tobacco of the finest Marignan quality at any less than a hundred livres the hogshead and sixty sous the pound."

"Monsieur de la Mothe's profit seems to have been enough to enable him to build a fine new house with a stretch of fair garden along the Saint Charles," suggested Sieur D'Amours with a smile.

"I have not yet been able to provide for my sons out of the King's lands, my lord, and must myself find shelter for my family," replied De la Mothe with a hint of temper in his voice. A roar of laughter went up from the table; even the dignified De Tracy smiled. Everyone in Quebec knew that D'Amours had obtained from the King seigniories for each of his four sons.

"Monsieur de la Mothe not only shelters his family comfortably, but sends them forth in wondrous attire, no doubt——" began Seigneur de la Fleur.

"A man may surely do what he will with his own, my lord," De la Mothe broke in hotly, "and at least I live, and spend my money in the colony, a grace my Lord de la Fleur has not shown us this many a winter."

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" Talon, who had been whispering with the three members nearest him, now rapped sharply upon the table. "There is truth in what Monsieur de la Mothe says. The law bears heavily upon the wine merchants. I propose, subject to your wish, my lords"—he bowed to the three officials at the other end

of the table—"that Legrand, with Sieur D'Amours, should go down to the warehouse, taste the wine, sample the tobacco, and returning report to us upon the quality."

"An excellent idea," answered Courcelles. "Let them go at once."

"With your lordships' kind permission, I shall send one of my fellows with them that a sample of the best Bordeaux may be brought in and tasted here by all." Thus the shrewd De la Mothe.

"Better and better, my lords," smiled the dignified De Tracy.

Licking its lips, the Sovereign Council betook itself to other business for an hour. At the end of that time Legrand and D'Amours returned followed by a servant with a decanter and glasses. When the wine had been tasted, all admitted it to be of the finest quality, but as the two judges reported that De la Mothe's casks seemed to lack something in size of that he had stated them to be, Talon sentenced him to pay twenty-two livres to the Hôtel Dieu by way of fine for having broken the law which allowed merchants to charge no more than eighty livres per cask for wine, and forty sous per pound for tobacco. The court then rose, and drank a friendly health to Monsieur de la Mothe.[1]

FRONTENAC

FRONTENAC is by far the most interesting of the governors of New France. He was well born, his father being a close friend of King Louis XIII. At fifteen, Frontenac became a soldier. When, thirteen years later, he returned from the wars for a little holiday in Paris, he met and loved the beautiful daughter of a neighbour. Frontenac

[1] The facts and figures of this story are true.

was twenty-eight; the young lady, sixteen. Her father disapproved of the match, so the lovers eloped.

Frontenac was a tall man, with a fierce, haughty face; he was high-spirited and hot-tempered; he lived extravagantly and imperiously, an aristocrat of the aristocrats. His wife was a woman of much the same temper; naturally they did not get on very well together. After a few years they separated. Though she lived apart from her husband, Lady Frontenac remained his friend. It may, indeed, have been her influence at court which obtained for him the Governorship of Canada.

CANADA IN 1672

When Frontenac came to Canada in 1672, he found a country with a population of seven thousand scattered through the seigniories along the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu. Tadoussac was a small trading post; Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal were villages. The habitants, most of whom had comfortable homes by this time, formed the backbone of the colony.

Pierre Boucher, in a letter written from Canada to Colbert, said that the soil was very rich and that crops matured quickly. The winters, he said, were very cold, but the sharp frost made the air clear and stimulating. Some of the houses were of stone covered with pine boards; others were of posts filled in between with masonry. Wine was drunk in the best houses, beer in the poorer ones, and good meat soup was found in all.

There were no women servants. Even the wives of rich men had to do all their own work. Men began as servants and, in a few years, were at ease with fine farms of their own. There were no tramps or criminals in the

colony. Some four hundred coureurs de bois ranged the woods, many of them doing useful work in exploring and extending the fur trade.

There were three orders of priests: Jesuits, Sulpicians, and Récollets. They were all much more interested in converting the Indians than in preaching to the Canadians. Only one priest, the Abbé of Notre Dame, Quebec, lived in his parish. This made it hard for the habitants, who had to wait to be baptised, married, buried, and preached to, until some wandering Father came by.

Since De Tracy's time the Iroquois had been quiet. The sale of brandy was causing a good deal of wickedness among the tribes, but Talon held that it was necessary to save the fur trade from the English.

Furs had, for some time, been a very uncertain commodity. One year the Paris market was glutted with them and prices were very poor; the next, the Indians brought scarcely any pelts to the fur fairs, and prices soared. As furs were the only thing that Canada had to sell, the colony knew both "good times" and "hard times."

THE FIGHTING GOVERNOR

FRONTENAC came to Canada at what was, for him, a fortunate time. Laval was in France. Talon went home within a few weeks of the governor's arrival. The King did not at once appoint a new intendant. Thus, the only two men who might have opposed Frontenac's will were out of the country; for three years he ruled alone.

His first act was to preside at a meeting of the

Sovereign Council, which greeted him as "the high and powerful noble in whom is embodied the authority of the monarch."

He next ordered a great meeting to be held at which he should come forward publicly and take up his governorship in the presence of all the important men in the colony. A month was allowed for the preparation of this impressive ceremony. The people were to be represented in "Three Estates": clergy, nobles, and commoners. There were any number of men to represent the clergy and the commoners, but it was a little difficult to find enough nobles.

Some officers and seigneurs came forward to stand for the nobility, and the "Three Estates" assembled. When all was ready, Frontenac strode in, splendid in velvet, satin, and lace. In a loud voice and with many gestures, he made a long speech, telling the assembly of the glories of the King, Louis XIV., whom it was their duty to serve.

As a matter of fact, King Louis did not approve of Frontenac's gathering the "Three Estates" in parliament. In those days the kings of France never allowed their subjects to have any part in the government of the country. As soon as he heard of the meeting, Louis wrote to reprimand Frontenac for having called it. As no ships then crossed the ocean in winter, Frontenac did not, however, get the letter till the next summer. Meantime he went happily on his way.

Canadian Pacific Railways.

THE FORTRESS CLIFF, QUEBEC.

THE GREAT COUNCIL

FRONTENAC'S next move was to build a fort at the outlet of Lake Ontario. (Find Kingston on the map.) He meant it to be an outpost against the Iroquois. His enemies said that, as he was a poor man, he wished to engage in the fur trade, and that the new fort was to be used as a trading post. Talon had already suggested a fort at this point, however, and there is no reason to believe that Frontenac was not honest in building it.

On June 3, 1673, he embarked with as much pomp as possible in a bark canoe and was paddled up to Montreal. Perrot, the Governor of Montreal, with the troops and leading citizens of the place, waited upon the landing-stage to receive the governor-general with full military honours.

Frontenac had, a month before, sent La Salle to the Iroquois country to invite the chiefs to a great council at Cataraqui (Kingston), where the new fort was to stand. He now ordered all the available troops and Indians to prepare to ascend the river with him to the meeting-place. He dressed the soldiers in full uniform; built and painted scarlet two large barges armed with cannon; collected a flotilla of canoes; in short, prepared everything he could think of which was likely to impress the Iroquois.

On approaching Cataraqui, where the chiefs were already gathered, Frontenac's forces were put into battle array. First came four squadrons of canoes; then the two gayly-painted barges; then Frontenac himself with his servants; next the regular troops; then the Canadian

militia; after them followed a crowd of Hurons; while two more squadrons of canoes brought up the rear. It was an imposing spectacle.

The council was called for the next day. Early in the morning, large canvases were erected as shades for the Indians. The Canadians were already at work throwing up entrenchments for the new fort. The regulars were drawn up before the governor's tent. The council lasted many days. The long silences followed by still longer speeches customary at Indian councils were carefully copied. Each day some of the chiefs dined with Frontenac who won them over with flattery and gifts.

The governor could not yet speak the Iroquois language, but he had Le Moyne with him as interpreter and, before the close of the council, he made a great oration. He told the Indians that he was Onontio, their kind and loving father. He sought peace, he said, and hated war; but he had shown them his power, and now gave them fair warning. If they made war on Canada, he would blot them and their tribes from the earth.

As the council went on slowly, the building of the fort advanced swiftly. The Indians were much impressed. They understood and admired the "Great Onontio." For a time Canada had peace.

FRONTENAC AND PERROT

WHAT his enemies said of Frontenac was, in part, true. He came to Canada a ruined man and, it is certain, hoped to repair his fortunes here. In the autumn after his arrival, he entered into a kind of informal partnership with La Salle. Fort Frontenac, over which La Salle was made governor, was undoubtedly intended to serve as trading post as well as fort.

François Perrot,[1] the Governor of Montreal, was also engaged secretly in the fur trade. He had obtained possession of Isle Perrot, a small island just above Montreal, and here he had set up a fur post. Many of the coureurs de bois were in his pay, collecting furs for him and holding high carnival at his expense on his island. Thus it came about that Frontenac and Perrot, fiery men both, became secret rivals in the fur trade.

Frontenac had the advantage of Perrot because it was still against the law to take to the woods without a licence. Coureurs de bois were still liable to be sent to the galleys or even to be put to death. Yet, under Perrot, they openly made Montreal their headquarters; and the whole country knew that the governor supported and used them.

Enforcing the law, Frontenac ordered the judge at Montreal to arrest any coureurs de bois who might be in the town. Perrot said he would imprison the judge who dared to do it. Frontenac sent soldiers to arrest one Carion, a notorious wood-runner and henchman of Perrot's. Perrot said that Frontenac had no right to arrest persons in his city, and he imprisoned Frontenac's soldiers. To be sure he soon let them out; but he continued to behave very impudently toward the governor-general.

Frontenac then sent a polite letter to Montreal, asking Perrot to come to Quebec to explain his acts. A little alarmed, now, at his former boldness, Perrot went. At their first meeting he and Frontenac quarrelled violently, and Perrot was cast into prison where he remained ten months.

A long law suit followed. Finally the King himself stepped in to judge between the two. He decided in favour of Frontenac. Perrot was called to France where

[1] This was not Nicholas Perrot.

he was sent, for three weeks, to the Bastille, the great French prison, to teach him that he must not defy the governor. On the other hand, Louis wrote a private letter to Frontenac reminding him that he must not give orders in other men's cities without first consulting them.

So Frontenac got off for that time; but he could not keep from quarrelling. Laval came home in 1675 and with him came Duchesneau, the new intendant. They were three strong-willed, hot-tempered men and they quarrelled steadily for seven years. Every ship carried home long letters of complaint from Laval and Duchesneau against Frontenac; and from Frontenac against the other two. The King and his ministers were well-nigh deaved with the noise. At last they could stand it no longer. The King could not dismiss Laval who was now a bishop and responsible to the Pope; but, in 1682, he recalled both Frontenac and Duchesneau.

"THE RAT" MAKES MISCHIEF

La Barre, the next governor, was an elderly man who thought of nothing but making a fortune out of the fur trade. Before Frontenac left Canada, the Iroquois had attacked the Illinois; and Tonti, left alone at Fort Broken Heart, had been unable to save his allies. Sensing the feebleness of La Barre, the Five Nations now buried the hatchet with the English. When, in 1684, La Barre called them to a council at Fort Frontenac, they forced him to cross to their side of the lake and there made a joke of him.

Denonville, the next governor, made matters worse. He quarrelled with the English governor over possession of the Iroquois country. He then collected a

large army headed by famous coureurs de bois, La Durantaye, Tonti, Du Lhut, and Nicholas Perrot, to go out against the Five Nations. While the army was assembling at Fort Frontenac, Denonville invited two hundred Iroquois to a banquet, seized them and sent them to France as galley slaves. Then, instead of making a real war against the Iroquois, he fought a small battle with a band of Senecas, built a fort at Niagara, and returned to Montreal.

Even yet peace might have been kept had it not been for "The Rat." The Rat was a clever Huron chief. He knew that when the Iroquois made peace with the French they would be free to attack the Hurons. He found out that Denonville and the Iroquois were about to smoke the peace pipe. To prevent this, he lay in wait and captured a party of Iroquois chiefs, one of whom he killed. The Rat then told the Iroquois that Denonville had ordered him to kill them.

The Five Nations could bear no more. They gathered a great army and in the night of August 4, 1689, they crept upon the village of Lachine. At dawn they surrounded the houses, slaughtered two hundred of the inhabitants, and carried off one hundred and twenty to the torture.

FRONTENAC TO THE RESCUE

From Tadoussac to Fort Frontenac, Canada trembled. A great cry went up for Frontenac. He alone, it was believed, could save Canada from the Iroquois. The King had already ordered the recall of Denonville and the reappointment of Frontenac. The brave old governor reached Quebec in the autumn of 1689. He had made his plans before leaving France and he struck at once.

Frontenac believed that the English had incited the Iroquois to attack the French. He therefore directed his forces against them. During the winter of 1690, three war parties left Quebec. They captured and destroyed several English towns.

The English rose, in their turn, determined to invade Canada. The plan was that a land army from New York should descend the Richelieu and fall upon Montreal, while a fleet from Boston ascended the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec. The land army accomplished nothing; the fleet, under Sir William Phips, scarcely more.

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS

His father and mother had eighteen children and they were very poor; they lived in Maine. From his sixth to his eighteenth year, William herded sheep. Very often he was both cold and hungry.

At eighteen he made up his mind that he had been born for something better than shepherding. He left home and went to Boston where he hired himself out as a ship's carpenter. After four years on shipboard, he worked in Boston town for a year. In this year he learned to read and write.

He seems to have done some courting at the same time for, at the end of the year, he married a rich widow and used her money to set up a shipyard on the Sheepscot River; but it had to be given up because of the Indian raids.

William had now spent most of his wife's money, and no doubt she reminded him of it occasionally. He began to look about to see what he could do to replace it. While on his voyages, he had heard of a Spanish

treasure ship which had been wrecked near the Bahamas. He got together a crew to go out to raise the treasure ship, but found it an impossible task.

For the second time William had failed. Mrs. Phips must, by this time, have been wondering whether or not he was a safe man with whom to trust one's money. But William was undaunted. He had heard of another treasure ship, richer than the first. He could get no help in Boston, so he went to England and succeeded in interesting the Duke of Albemarle in the venture. The duke persuaded the English Government to give Phips a ship. He sailed away in the *Algier Rose*. They had a difficult voyage; the men mutinied twice; and again Phips returned unsuccessful.

The duke must have believed in him, however, for this time he fitted out a ship at his own expense. And this time Phips actually found the treasure ship, and a very rich treasure it was. Three hundred thousand pounds in gold, and bars of silver, and sacks of pearls, they raised from her. Phips got sixteen thousand pounds for his share, and King James II. of England made him a knight.

Sir William Phips was now a person of importance. He was appointed Sheriff of New England, and he and his wife returned in triumph to Boston. Their happiness was not very long-lived. Sir William was uneducated and too ignorant of the law to fill his position properly. He and his wife, plain people as they were, felt themselves slighted and made fun of by the fashionables of Boston.

In April, 1690, Sir William was sent as commander with the expedition against Port Royal. The place was easily taken and Phips returned with an increase of honour. In July, he led a larger fleet against Quebec, expecting an equally easy victory. But Quebec was a very different affair from Port Royal. Frontenac was in

charge of the capital. In the next story you shall hear how he received the great Sir William Phips.

Phips was an honest, persevering man. He was very generous with his money, and he defended the frontier energetically. He was not, however, sufficiently a man of the world to hold the high positions given him. He had the rough manners of an old-fashioned sea captain, and was always giving offence to someone. At last, King James recalled him to England to answer the many charges against him. He died there in 1695.

FRONTENAC RECEIVES

Characters

Saint Hélène le Moyne, Frontenac's Aide.
An English Officer.
A Coxswain and six sailors.
Market women, hawkers, boys, voices from crowd.
Andrea Turgot.
Simon Aimel.
Philippe Magone.
A Servant.
Frontenac.

Scene I.—The Wharf at Quebec

There is a small cleared space between two lines of soldiers stretching down to the boat-landing. Behind the soldiers, the crowd presses to see, but no one speaks. A small boat approaches the landing. Saint Hélène, in green velvet with a yellow sash and plumed hat, marches down between the lines of men.

Saint Hélène. Who comes here?
English Officer (*standing up in boat and shaking out a*

white flag). A messenger from Admiral Sir William Phips.

Saint Hélène. The white flag is sacred, sir. Whom seek ye?

Eng. Off. (*haughtily*). My business is with the Count de Frontenac, Governor-General of Canada.

Saint Hélène (*mockingly*). A brave demand truly. Upon what grounds may you make it?

Eng. Off. That I will explain to Lord Frontenac.

Saint Hélène. Ma foi! That you shall and quickly. (*Very politely.*) Will you do us the honour to land, sir?

[*The boat, which had been kept a few feet from the wharf by the sailors, is now driven ashore. The young Officer leaps out. He and Saint Hélène make low bows to one another.*

Saint Hélène (*very politely*). Will your men land, sir?

Eng. Off. (*with equal politeness*). With your permission, sir.

Saint Hélène (*loudly*). Make way, there, room for the Englishmen to land.

[*The soldiers press the crowd back from the edge of the wharf. The six sailors spring ashore, fasten their boat, and stand at attention.*

Eng. Off. Coxswain!

Coxswain. Aye, aye, sir! (*Saluting.*)

Eng. Off. Detail a guard for the boat. The other men may fall out, but must remain near till my return. You may attend me.

Coxswain (*saluting*). Aye, aye, sir! Good-conscience Jones! Fear-God Trumbel! On guard duty. (*These two men step out and salute.*) Other ranks, stand at ease! fall out! Do not leave the wharf till my return. (*Turning to Officer.*) At your orders, sir.

Eng. Off. (*bowing to Saint Hélène*). At yours, sir!

Saint Hélène. I am ordered to blindfold you, sir, ere we proceed through the town.

Eng. Off. (*angrily, hand on sword*). Blindfold! You insinuate upon my honour, sir. It is an insult!

Saint Hélène. It is not so intended, sir. It is the condition upon which you may have speech with the governor.

Eng. Off. (*impatiently*). Come, then! Get on with this mummery! So that we deliver our message, and that quickly, what does it matter?

Saint Hélène. Pierre! (*A valet steps from the crowd and hands him two scarfs of dark silk.*) With your permission, sir.

[*He blindfolds the Officer and the Coxswain, turns them to face the cliff, and puts his arm through that of the English Officer.*

Saint Hélène. Hertel, take the man! Attention, *mes braves*! Four in front and four behind, fall in! At the single, forward, march!

Scene II.—Mountain Street

The small procession, with the two Englishmen in the centre, passes along Notre Dame Street, and climbs Mountain Hill at a brisk pace. The narrow roadway is full of people coming and going. Carts are driven rattling up and down, and up again; hawkers call their wares; merchants shout from the shop doors; a flock of geese come hissing down the hill; a shouting man tries to drive a fat pig up the road; a crowd of chattering market women with baskets on their heads push the soldiers from the path; a mob of boys run yelling up and down. There is a tremendous clatter, confusion, and pushing. The crowd, which at the wharf had been silent, has found its tongue.

First Market Woman. Hey, there, Philippe Magone, make way with thy geese.

Second Market Woman. Seest not the messenger from the English ships?

A Boy (*prancing before the procession*). Way! way! for the messenger from the English ships!

A Hawker. A fine tall messenger; but the English are tall!

Third Market Woman. And fat, François! (*Laughter from crowd.*)

Andrea Turgot (*striking his pig*). Beast! (*Pig squeals.*) Wilt get between the legs of the worshipful messenger? Come then!

Simon Aimel (*driving cart*). Get aside, there, Andrea Turgot. Know'st not better than to bring thy flock down Mountain Street where the crowd is ever dense?

Fourth Market Woman (*pushing against the English Officer*). But pardon, my lord, the crowd is great.

Second Hawker (*ringing bell in Coxswain's ear*). Fresh pork sausage, of the best! Come buy, good folk. Fresh pork sausage, killed and stuffed on the fat fields of Beauport. Come buy, buy!

Fifth Market Woman (*pushing English Officer from the other side*). Sausage thyself! How darest push me against the messenger?

Sixth Market Woman. Seest not the English are winded? Back, all! Give them air!

A Voice from the Crowd. The fat English pant on Mountain Hill.

Second Voice. Back! Air for the fat English.

The Crowd (*laughing*). Back! Back! Air for the worshipful messenger.

Third Voice. Those who pant on Mountain Street may faint before St. Louis.

The Crowd (*laughing*). Here! Here!

Fourth Voice. It's a long climb to St. Louis.

Philippe (*chasing a stray goose through the crowd*). It is

Nanette, the best of the flock, mark there. (*The English messenger steps upon Nanette.*)

First Market Woman. She is a dead goose then, Philippe; but regard his foot.

Philippe. It is of a size, indeed. Ah! my poor Nanette!

The Crowd (*laughing*). Make way, Philippe. Out of the way.

Boys (*prancing*). Make way! Way! Way for the messenger of the English admiral!

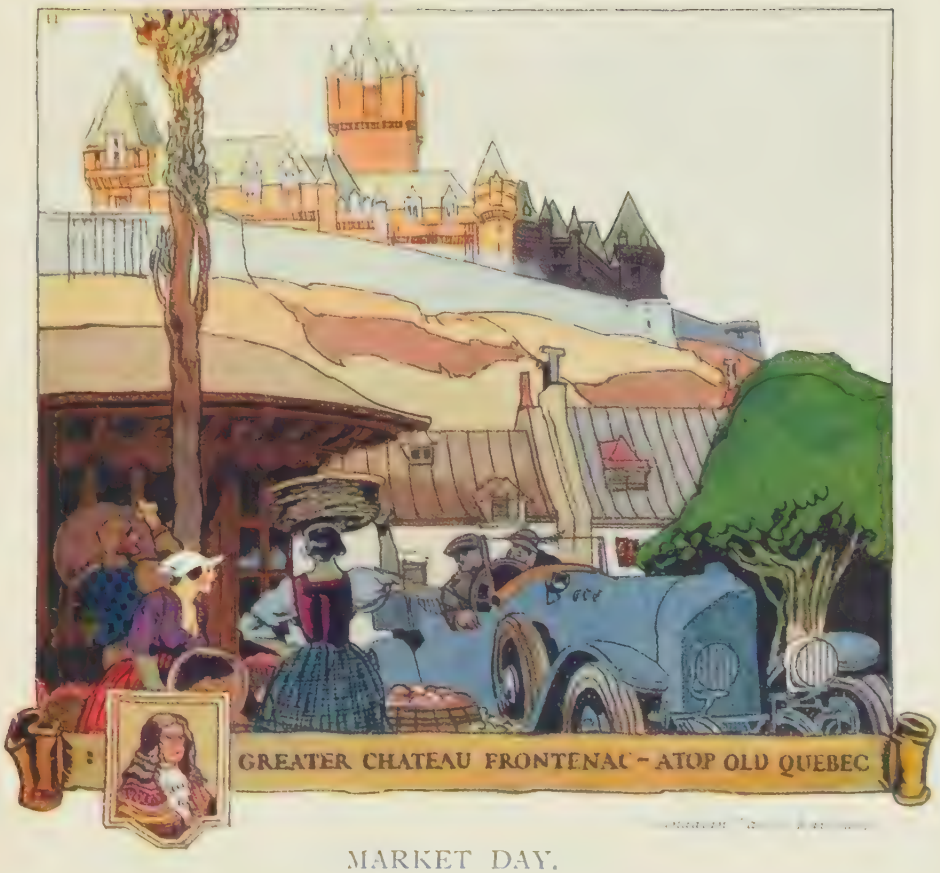
[*The soldiers with the two Englishmen have marched steadily up the steep hill, across the Place d'Armes to the gate of the Château St. Louis. Saint Hélène hails the guard loudly. The gate swings back. The small procession disappears within. The crowd disperses with hoots and yells and songs.*

Scene III.—Audience Chamber of the Château St. Louis

The room is long and high. A few pieces of tapestry hang upon the walls of dark wood. There are clusters of candelabra between the high narrow windows. A great fire of logs roars up the huge chimney on the right of the entrance.

At the further end of the room, on a dais raised two steps above the floor, stands a throne-like chair. Above it hangs the great white and gold banner of France. The walls about the dais are hung with purple velvet, and a rich Eastern rug covers the floor of it. Before the dais, on the floor, stands a long oak table.

Frontenac in blue and gold, his great white wig flowing down upon his shoulders from under his plumed hat, sits upon the great chair. On either side, upon the dais, about the fireplace, and down either side of the room stand seigneurs, officers, clergy, the nobility of Canada, each in his gayest or most warlike attire.



MARKET DAY.

It is a splendid scene. Frontenac chats with an elderly officer at his elbow. The lords and gentlemen whisper to one another. Clearly through the windows comes the noise of the streets. There is a sound of tramping. The door is thrown open.

A Servant (*announcing*). Captain le Moyne, with the envoy of the English admiral.

[*The soldier stands aside, the English Officer and his Coxswain step into the room. The servant removes one bandage, Saint Hélène the other. The two Englishmen stand blinking, dazed at the brilliancy of the scene, and surprised at the large assembly.*

Saint Hélène (*stepping forward and bowing*). The English envoy, my lord Governor.

Frontenac. You have a message for me from Sir William Phips, sir.

Eng. Off. I have, my lord Governor.

Frontenac. We are curious to hear what Sir William Phips' message may contain.

Eng. Off. I have it here, sir. (*Takes letter from his pocket.*) Have I your excellency's permission to read?

Frontenac. Read, sir.

Eng. Off. (*stepping forward to table, reads*). To the most excellent, high, and puissant Count de Frontenac, Governor of Quebec and Viceroy in Canada of his Majesty, King Louis XIV. of France. My lord—

In as much as it has pleased their Majesties of England and France to declare a state of war to exist between your country and mine and to adjure all loyal subjects to attempt the utmost of damage upon the persons and property of the enemy; and in as much as the inhumane and unchristian actions, the cruelties and barbarities inflicted of late by your highness's

orders upon the persons and property of the citizens of his Majesty of England, prompting all loyal Englishmen to severe revenge:

It has seemed good to the loyal colony of Massachusetts to prepare and send forth this fleet to your speedy undoing; and while our forces are such that we might reasonably expect an early victory over your troops, and a quick reduction of your fortress; yet in order to spare bloodshed and unhappy loss of life, I shall rest content with a present surrender of your forts, castles, undemolished, and the King's and other stores, unembezzled, with a seasonable delivery of all captives; together with the surrender of your persons and estates to my dispose; upon the doing whereof, you may expect mercy from me, as a Christian.

Which if you refuse forthwith to do, I am come provided and am resolved, by the help of God in whom I trust, by force of arms to revenge all wrongs and injuries offered, and bring you under subjection to the Crown of England, and, when too late, make you wish you had accepted of the favour tendered.

Your answer positive in an hour, returned by your own trumpet, with the return of mine, is required upon the peril that will ensue.

[*As he finishes the reading, the English Officer lays his watch upon the table, points to the hour, and steps back with a bow.*

Frontenac from the first listens impatiently, tapping with his nails upon the arm of his chair. He grows more and more angry as he listens to the haughty letter of Phips. He now rises and comes forward to the table. He does not look at the watch, but with a sweep of his hand brushes the letter to the floor and faces the envoy.

Frontenac. Hear, sir, and report faithfully to your master my reply. Tell him that I have listened to his outrageous and insulting letter with my hand upon my sword, that I require no time for deliberation. I will make my answer through the mouth of my cannon. In that and no other way do I reply. (*To Saint Hélène.*) Captain le Moyne, escort the envoy to his boat as you brought him here, and as speedily as may be. Clermont! To the ramparts and order the attack. As the hour strikes, our cannon shall answer.

CURTAIN

FRONTENAC LAYS DOWN HIS SWORD

As he had threatened, Sir William Phips attacked Quebec with cannon, and landed thirteen hundred men on Beaufort Flats. The flats were covered with mud; the Canadians harassed the invaders continually; Phips failed to send them food from the ships; so that the English were unable to advance toward the town. Covered with mud, and almost starved, they returned, after a few days, to the fleet. On October 23, 1690, the bold Sir William set sail for home, all Quebec, upon the ramparts, cheering and laughing him down the wind.

The English defeated, Frontenac had still the Iroquois to deal with. They had forced the cowardly Denonville to blow up Fort Frontenac, and were now trying to unite all the western tribes against the French. Twice Frontenac sent envoys to them asking for peace, but they would have none of him. They chose war.

"War to the knife they shall have, then," said Frontenac, and began his preparations. Nicholas Perrot and other famous coureurs de bois were sent through the

western tribes to tell them that Onontio had returned and would lead them against the Iroquois. As soon as the weather was fit in the spring, one hundred and fifty men were sent up to strengthen Michilimackinac at the mouth of Lake Michigan. These men fought and overcame a band of Iroquois. The western Indians heard of Frontenac's success against the English at Quebec. In August, a great fleet of canoes loaded with furs came down to Montreal. Frontenac himself danced and sang with his children after the council was over. The western tribes agreed to follow him against the Iroquois.

For three years the war to the knife went on. Frontenac got little help from France. The Canadians, inspired by their fighting governor and led by Tonti, Perrot, Du Lhut, Saint Hélène, and D'Iberville, fought for their own country. At last Frontenac, now seventy-seven years old, led an army with cannon against the Onondagas. When they heard of his coming, the Onondagas set fire to their villages and took to the woods. The French destroyed their corn and returned victorious.

The English had already (in 1697) made peace with the French. The Iroquois fought on for a time, but having now no one to help them, and having lost many of their best men, they at last gave up.

In 1701, Collières held a great council at Montreal. The peace pipe was smoked and the hatchet buried.

Frontenac did not live to see the peace he had won. He fell ill early in November, 1698. He lay for a month during which his fiery spirit softened, and he became quite gentle and kind. The people, whose hero he was, thronged the churches to pray for his recovery, but he was now a very old man. Canada, which he had saved, was never again in danger of being blotted out. His work was done. He died on November 28.

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE CANOE MAKERS

MAKING A CANOE

"CANOE," "canoe," "canoe." Say it softly to yourself! What a pretty word it is; and the light little bark is as graceful as its name is musical. The canoe is Canadian. It suits our country, its forest lakes, its cascading rivers. The canoe was the only means of travel which the first settlers in Canada had, and it is still used for pleasure or profit in every part of our land. Canadian literature is full of songs and stories about the canoe. It is a kind of emblem of Canada.

This man and his daughter are making a modern canoe. Canadian canoes are the best in the world. They are made with the greatest care, of strong light wood. The shaping and finishing require great skill.

In the old days, canoes were made of birch bark.

The Indians were careful to strip the trees at the right season of the year so that the bark came away in great sheets. The ribs were made of cedar wood. The frame was divided by light bars into five or six divisions. The squaws sewed the sheets of bark together with the flexible, white roots of the spruce. The cover was then stretched smoothly over the frame and the seams coated with spruce gum.

The squaws, by long practice, became very skilful in making canoes. Their supple fingers shaped the curving prows so that they lifted themselves ever so lightly over the waves. Sometimes they decorated them with red, or yellow, or blue juices; sometimes they made them beautiful with coloured porcupine quills.

Though so light and fragile, the canoes of old days carried heavy loads. Twenty warriors in a canoe was not uncommon; and hundreds of pounds of furs were carried safely across wide lakes and down long rivers. An Indian canoeman made sixteen or eighteen leagues daily. When possible he shot the rapids; if the river was too dangerous to allow this, he portaged, carrying his canoe on his head over the portage to the smooth water above or below the rapids. A good canoe was expected to carry its owner five hundred leagues during its lifetime.

MY CANOE

She floats among the little waves
  As light as any feather;
She's friend and sweetheart both to me
  Through all the summer weather.

Canadian Pacific Railway

WEAVING

HOMESPUN

This was the cloth out of which the habitant made his clothes. He sheared his sheep and turned the wool over to his wife. She cleaned, and combed, and carded it till the fine short hairs lay smooth and even; then, on her busy spinning wheel, she spun it into yarn.

When enough yarn to make suits for the boys, or dresses for the girls, had been spun, a family council was held. What colour should the yarn be dyed? Brown was lasting and serviceable, and the colour could be obtained from the bark of the hemlock or butternut tree. Reds and blues were more difficult to obtain. The boys were, usually, satisfied with a plain dark colour, but there were often sore hearts among the girls when one sister was fair and longed for blue, while red best became the other. Probably their mother let them have their favourite colours in turn.

When the yarn had been dyed, the long threads were stretched upon the pins of the little home-made loom. Then the mother wove the shuttle under and over, under and over, till she finished the web of strong coarse cloth which we call "homespun."[1] The habitant girls and boys loved pretty clothes and bright colours even in those dangerous old days. The young women soon learned to weave smooth even cloth, and became expert in dyeing it a clear bright colour. Nearly everyone managed to get a bit of scarlet for a sash, or a length of blue for a scarf, to lighten up a plain or old costume.

When the censitaires became comfortably off, the women gave up spinning and weaving, and began to buy machine-made cloth from the stores. The young men and women were ashamed of homespun and would not wear it.

CADIEUX

THE FIRST CANADIAN POET

CADIEUX was a gay young adventurer who used to write songs for the voyageurs. Many a merry chant he composed to the tune of their paddle blades, but his last song was a sad one.

Cadieux served as an interpreter among the Algonquins. He married an Indian maiden, and lived with her family—hunting in summer; in winter, buying furs for the traders.

One May morning, the young song-maker with his wife and other families started down the Ottawa for

[1] Ask your teacher to show you how the threads are strung and the shuttle thrown. If you ask in a drygoods shop, they will show you a piece of homespun.

Montreal with their winter's store of furs. It was a time of peace, nevertheless the warriors sent a lad ahead to scout. Just below Seven Falls he saw a party of Iroquois who seemed to be waiting for them, so he warned his friends.

The Algonquins were at the top of the chutes near the isle of Grand Calumet; the Iroquois were at the bottom. There was only one thing for the Algonquins to do: shoot the rapids. They sent Cadieux and a young brave on shore to make such a noise as would lead the Iroquois to think that the whole party had taken to the woods. The canoes with their precious load were to start as soon as shots were heard from the land. The shots rang out; the canoes swung into the churning water. Cadieux's wife said, "I saw nothing during our passage of the rapids but the tall form of a lady in white, hovering over the canoes, and showing us the way."

The boats reached the Lake of Two Mountains safely, and waited several days for Cadieux and the young brave. As they did not appear, a party went back to look for them. They scoured the woods for days, and from what they found and what the Iroquois afterwards told, we may piece together what happened.

Cadieux and the young Algonquin went ashore as decoys. They succeeded in drawing the Iroquois into the woods, and the Indian was shot. Cadieux then kept up the ruse by himself. For three days the Iroquois combed the woods, and for three days Cadieux fled and hid, fled and hid. Then the Iroquois left, but Cadieux, not knowing how far away they were, dared not call or light a fire to attract his friends. He had no food and was growing weaker. He began to wander in a circle.

Eleven days later, when the search party reached the portage of the Seven Chutes, they saw a small hut of branches. It seemed to be deserted, so they

passed on. Two days later, on their return, they found near the hut a shallow grave, and in it Cadieux with a piece of birch bark on his breast.

Lost and starving, the young poet had written his last song. He lay in the hut of branches which his friends passed, but he was either too nearly unconscious to know that they were friends, or too weak to make them a sign. He had hollowed himself a little grave and lain down in it with his poem on his breast. Drawing the spruce boughs over him he had gone to sleep. There, by the portage of the Seven Chutes, near the foot of Isle Grand Calumet, you may find his grave.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

The habitants learned to make maple sugar from the Indians. In those days white sugar was very expensive even in the Old World. Only rich people could afford to use it freely. The Canadians were fortunate in having maple sugar at their doors.

Early in the spring, when the frost has begun to leave the ground and before the snow has melted, the farmer packs his wife and all his children into the old wood sleigh. They take with them plenty of lunch; old coats and rugs; and all the kettles, pans, and dippers they have. Maple-sugar time is holiday time for them.

They drive through the woods to the old sugar camp. It is partly fallen perhaps, but they soon build it up with new poles and fresh spruce boughs. While women unpack the sleigh and arrange the camp, the boys hollow out a place for the fire and set up stout posts for the cross-pole where the kettles are to hang.

Meantime, father has been tapping the trees. In each one he makes a deep V-shaped gash. Beneath this he fastens a little trough, and below it he sets a pan. The pale sweet sap oozes from the wound in the bark, runs along the trough, and drips into the pan.

As soon as enough sap has been collected, the fires are made up and the great iron kettles swung upon the cross-pole. At first the habitant had not iron kettles for boiling, and did not know very well how to do it. His sugar was often poor stuff, too hard, or too soft; full of leaves and sticks. But he soon learned that if you want good sugar, you must work carefully.

When the sap has been strained into the large kettle, it is boiled till it is slightly thick. Part of this maple syrup is put aside to use as it is. The rest is transferred into a second, smaller kettle where it is boiled down again. When the syrup is so thick that a little dropped on a snowball will "sugar," it is taken off the fire and poured into small pans and moulds to cool.

The sugar camp is a busy place. The father goes from tree to tree watching the spiles and the pails to see that the sap runs freely. The boys collect the sap from the pails, and keep up the fires under the kettles. The mother watches the boiling sap. When it seems ready to boil over, she dips into it a piece of fat pork tied to the end of a rod. This makes it go down again. The girls keep trying the syrup on balls of snow to see when it is done. They must wash the many pans, too; pour the boiled syrup into them; and watch to see that no dirt or leaves fall into it while it is cooling. They have cooling pans or moulds of different shapes; so that the sugar comes out as little cottages, castles, hearts, diamonds, cubes, or arrows.

Between times, the children make maple gum or wax. They make snowballs and pour half-boiled syrup upon

them. It cools into delicious, chewy gum. Sometimes their mother lets them make stick-jaw. To make this they take the sap when it is between syrup and sugar and pour it into little birch-bark baskets to cool. When you close your teeth upon a ball of stick-jaw, you cannot open them again till it melts. It is fun to give the dog a mouthful of stick-jaw.

In the evening, the girls spread the picnic supper beside the fire. They bake potatoes in the ashes, and boil eggs in the sap in the large kettle. The mother makes maple-sugar pancakes. Have you ever eaten maple-sugar pancakes? They are delicious.

After supper, there are songs and stories for an hour or two. Then the family packs itself into the sleigh and father drives them home, leaving the two oldest boys to watch the fires and the syrup through the night.

At the end of a fortnight, in a good sugar year, the farmer will carry home ten to twenty gallons of maple syrup and eighty or ninety pounds of sugar. This will sweeten the family food for a year and leave some over to sell to neighbours who have no maple trees on their farm.

The sun warms all the bare-limbed trees,
The snow wanes in the April breeze,
Boys shout,
Girls sing,
The kettles ring;
The sap is running!

Canadian Pacific Railway

A WAYSIDE SHRINE

THE CALVARY

THIS picture shows a wayside shrine called a "Calvary." In the old days, the habitants raised them at the cross-roads and in pretty hollows of the woods. There are a great many of them in Quebec.

The wooden crosses are from ten to fifteen feet high, neatly painted and railed in as you see in the picture. The figure of Jesus is sometimes gilded, but more often painted as carefully as the carpenter knows how. The crown of thorns, the hammer and nails with which the Lord was crucified are placed on top of the cross.

Everyone who passes the shrine takes off his hat and crosses himself before it. Farmers come here to pray for good weather; anxious mothers on their way to market kneel to ask God to help them sell their butter and eggs; young women slip down in the twilight to pray for their sweethearts' safety; and all the little boys and girls

on their way home from school stop to pray to the kind Jesus who was a boy and went to school Himself, so long ago.

A MORNING IN COURT

Scene

The hall in the seigniory of Longpré. A large bare room with a fireplace at each end and three large windows which open like doors at one side. The ceiling is low, supported on beams, and dark with smoke. The walls of faced logs are hung with bearskins and racks of arms. A bearskin covers the floor in front of one of the fireplaces. There are no curtains or pictures. The chairs and tables are home-made. The seigneur, who is the judge, sits in the middle of the side of the table. The three windows are behind him, the door in front, the fireplace with the bearskin and a wooden settle on the left hand. There are great fires in both fireplaces, but the room is chilly.

Characters

Seigneur Tallcourt of Longpré. A tall thin old man with fierce white eyebrows and a roaring voice.
Andrea. His lawyer and clerk. A little wheezing old man.
Georges Harigot. A lazy-looking censitaire.
Annette. A scolding woman.
Pierre. Her husband, a big, loose-jointed fellow.
Marcel Turcot. A haughty, but ragged coureur de bois.
Amiel Clement. A thin lad of sixteen, accused of stealing furs.
Alys. His mother.
Chauvin. His accuser.

Benoit Cambeau. A stout, very shy man.
Francine. A hard-working woman of thirty.
Tête Mal. A servant-lad, stands inside the door.

The seigneur is seated as judge, with some large books at his right hand. Beyond the books, Andrea calls the names from a list before him, and writes busily as the court proceeds.

Seigneur. Come then, Andrea, to business. There are several cases, you say, and the morning is already half gone. Do not forget that I hunt this afternoon.

Andrea. That is true, my lord, let us begin. Tête Mal, send in Georges Harigot.

Tête Mal (*calling down the passage*). Georges Harigot wanted.

Enter Georges.

Seigneur. Well, Georges! You in trouble again? What is it this time, Andrea?

Andrea. Refused to pay his rent on St. Martin's Day last.

Seigneur (*roaring*). What! Refused to pay his rent! Canaille! What does this mean? Answer me! Why have you not paid?

Georges (*sullenly muttering*). Cannot make rain fall. No hay this year. How can I pay?

Seigneur. You ask me, rascal! That is your business. How do others pay?

Andrea. He is a lazy man, your honour, he will not work. On his farm, hardly a clean acre is to be seen.

Georges (*angrily to Andrea*). I will punch your head, old leather-face.

Seigneur. Silence, good-for-nothing! How dare you speak so before me! What is his farm?

Andrea. Petite Rivière, my lord.

Seigneur. A fine level farm, as good as any on the river, you lazy rascal.

Georges (*impudently*). Then why not clear and work it yourself? You are always preaching plough, plough, plough. Why not try it for a day?

Seigneur (*half standing up and choking with rage*). How dare you! Dog! To me! Take him away. Put him in the little dungeon. If he pay not in three days, have him chased from the seigniory. Hear me, Andrea!

[*Tête Mal drags Georges out.*

Andrea. He is an evil young man, Sieur Tallcourt, he does harm in the seigniory.

Seigneur. Let him be driven away. From the next ship I will get another to take his land. Call the next case.

Andrea (*shouting*). Annette Perrichon.

Tête Mal (*bawling*). Annette Perrichon.

Shrill voice heard drawing nearer. Enter Annette and Pierre.

Seigneur. What is this? Silence there! What is this, I say?

Annette (*struggling free of Tête Mal*). Let me speak to the Seigneur! Let me before him. I will tell him what is what. A good-for-nothing pack of lazy, white-livered, dumb-headed——

Seigneur. Silence, woman! Be silent, I say!

Annette (*shrilly*). I will not be silent! I will speak. This great blockhead you gave me as a husband, he is of a stupidity! He eats and eats without a word——

Pierre (*grinning*). Your lordship sees I cannot get in a word.

Andrea. It is true indeed. The woman is a hailstorm!

Tête Mal. And of a temper (*shaking his head*). Heaven!

Annette (*furiously*). You are all alike: stubborn, lazy——

Seigneur (*roaring*). Silence! The woman is a scold. The law provides the pillory for such. Take her out and lock her in it till nightfall.

Pierre. But the snow; it is winter, my lord.

Seigneur. Let her freeze a bit. Then light a fire near her. Away!

[*Annette, screaming and kicking, is dragged out by Tête Mal and Pierre.*

Andrea (*announcing*). Marcel Turcot.

[*Tête Mal, dishevelled and breathless from his struggle with Annette, ushers in Marcel.*

Marcel (*makes a deep bow and swaggers up to the table*). A fair morning, Sieur de Tallcourt.

Seigneur (*sharply*). Glad you find it so, Turcot. Perhaps we shall be able to bring on a cloud or so to shade your eyes. What is the charge, Andrea?

Andrea. Selling brandy to the Indians, your honour.

Seigneur (*fiercely*). Again! Come, Turcot, this is serious. What have you to say?

Turcot (*swaggering*). Not guilty, my lord.

Andrea. Prove it, wretch.

Turcot. Prove that I am guilty, little beast!

Andrea (*beating on table*). Bring in Long Arrow.

[*Tête Mal pushes in a dazed-looking Indian.*

Seigneur. Who is this?

Tête Mal. Long Arrow, an Algonquin, my lord.

Seigneur. Where did he come from?

Andrea. He wandered into Pierre Perrichon's two nights ago with his feet frozen.

Seigneur. Drunk?

Andrea. Very drunk! Only that Pierre is stronger than an ox, he had done much mischief.

Seigneur. Turcot, did you ever see this man before?

Turcot (*impudently*). Not I.

Andrea. That's a lie, rascal. You sold him a half-bottle

of brandy and took from him a silver hunting-knife which Long Arrow had from Baron de Bravace for saving his life in the woods.

Seigneur. Search him.

[*Andrea and Tête Mal seize and search the young man. They find the knife and a small flask of brandy.*

Seigneur. It is proof enough, and this is the second time. He must go to Quebec for this. (*To Turcot.*) Liar! wastrel! law-breaker! You disgrace my seigniory. Care you not at all for the country, or the Church, or yourself?

Turcot (*good-naturedly*). A man must live, my lord.

Seigneur. Any man lives well in this country if he wishes to work. It is a rich land and a kind.

Turcot (*haughtily*). Work with my hands! Indeed! My father was an officer. Plough! Dig like a greasy peasant! Marcel Turcot! You forget to whom you speak, my lord.

Seigneur (*equally haughty*). I speak to a lazy rascal who, since he will not work, shall not eat. Take him to the dungeon and let him have nothing but water till I order further. Away with him.

Andrea (*announcing*). Amiel Clement.

Tête Mal (*bawling*). Amiel Clement.

Enter Amiel, very white but with head up. Follow his mother, a small woman in tears, and Chauvin, a mean-looking fellow.

Seigneur. Is this the man?

Andrea. This is he, your honour.

Seigneur. But he is only a boy. Here, boy, come nearer. Woman, stand away from him! (*To Chauvin.*) You there, you are the accuser?

Chauvin (*in a whining voice*). Yes, my lord. I had a fine bale of beaver skins, fifteen in the pack. I came to

lodge with this woman and her son. The pack it is gone. I am a poor man, my lord.

Seigneur (*sternly to Amiel*). You hear, boy! You know the law. There is a gallows outside that window for those who steal in Longpré.

Amiel (*proudly*). I did not touch his furs, my lord.

Alys (*trembling and crying*). He left them in the shed, my lord. I, myself, put the soap kettle over them to keep them safe. What then! In the morning they were gone.

Chauvin. The boy sold two beaver skins in Longpré village, my lord. They were mine.

Andrea. The boy sold them in the village. That is true, my lord.

Amiel. He lies, my lord. They were not his. I took the beaver in the autumn. My mother prepared the skins before ever this man came to us.

Seigneur. Is this true, woman?

Alys. Indeed it is true, my lord. We had two beaver skins to buy flour. [*Tête Mal goes out.*

Seigneur. Can you bring anyone to prove you had these two before this man came to you?

Alys. Maria Dorchette, she knew, but alas! my lord, she is gone to Montreal to her daughter who——

Seigneur. It is an offence to die for, boy. What have you to say?

Amiel (*proudly*). I did not do it.

Alys (*weeping, on her knees*). Oh, my good lord, he is innocent. Save him!

Seigneur. Silence, woman! I cannot save him unless you can prove——

Enter Tête Mal through window behind Seigneur, a bundle of furs in his arms. He comes round the table and throws them on the floor.

Tête Mal. There, my lord!

Alys (*pointing*). Those are the furs, my lord. Look!

[*She and Chauvin spring to the bundle and open it.*

Seigneur. Where did you get them, Tête Mal?

Tête Mal (*importantly*). In your stable, my lord.

Seigneur (*roaring*). In my stable! Mad one! what mean you? Do you accuse——

Tête Mal. We took them with Turcot.

Seigneur (*disgustedly*). Ever stupid! Add it to the charge against Turcot, Andrea. This case is dismissed.

Andrea. Benoit Cambeau is the next, my lord.

Tête Mal (*very loudly*). Benoit Cambeau.

Cambeau enters grinning foolishly.

Seigneur. What is the charge?

Andrea. Hunting without a licence. He is a bachelor, my lord.

Seigneur. Stop grinning at the court, fool! Are you a bachelor?

Benoit. Why, I believe so, my lord.

Seigneur. You believe so? Don't you know, stupid?

Benoit (*humbly*). I know I am, my lord.

Seigneur. Who witnesses against him?

Andrea. Call the witness, Francine Beaucap.

Tête Mal. Francine Beaucap.

Enter Francine timidly.

Seigneur. Can you swear that this man hunts, woman?

Francine (*in a loud, frightened voice*). Yes, my lord.

Seigneur. How do you know he does?

Francine (*in same voice as if reciting something learned by heart*). He has bear and moose meat in his smoke-house, and he brought three fox skins to market.

Seigneur (*wearily to Benoit*). Is this true?

Benoit (*stammering*). I think so, my lord. (*Seigneur roars.*) I—I know it, my lord.

Seigneur (*disgustedly*). Why don't you marry?
Benoit (*shyly*). There was no one. There is no one.
Seigneur (*sharply to Francine*). Are you married?
Francine. No, my lord.
Seigneur. Then marry him. Marry her. See to it this very afternoon. Dismiss the case. Clear the court.

[*Benoit and Francine, grinning sheepishly at one another, are pushed out by the important Tête Mal.*

Andrea. There are two cases still, my lord.
Seigneur (*roaring*). Clear the court, I say! It is past noon already. Did not I say I would hunt, stupid?

CURTAIN

THE GOLDEN DOG
A famous store in Old Quebec.
Reproduced from "Historic Tales of Old Quebec," by George Gale.

Canadian Pacific Railway

SNOWSHOE MAKER

THE SNOWSHOE MAKER

THIS is a modern snowshoe maker in a white shirt and neat tie. In his little shop, which smells pleasantly of wood, he makes snowshoe frames by the dozen. His wife or his partner laces them for him, and they make a good deal of money out of them.

Like the canoe, the snowshoe is Canadian. Its broad light frame keeps it from sinking in the snow. Snowshoes are specially fitted to carry their wearer smoothly and quickly over the deep soft snow which in winter lies in the woods and valleys of eastern Canada.

The habitants learned from the Indians to make and use snowshoes. In old Quebec, where walking was the only means of winter travel, everyone used snowshoes. The coureurs de bois could travel as far and as fast upon them as the swiftest Indian brave. And still the hunters and trappers of northern Canada make the rounds of their traps upon snowshoes.

Nowadays snowshoeing is a favourite sport of young Canadians. Dressed in the blanket coat, crimson sash, and tuque of the habitant, jolly parties snowshoe out to some hospitable farmhouse in the country. Here they make merry about the long table which the hostess has loaded with hot and savoury good things. When the moon has risen, they fasten on their snowshoes and tramp back to town. Surely no young folk in the world have so good a time as young Canadians.

THE SNOWSHOER

He stands quite still, a tall man beside a tall tree. His tuque reaches almost to the lowest bough of the pine.

It is only a little past noon, but already dim as evening in the woods. The man's brown eyes peer hither and thither through the gloom. He remains perfectly still, his head pushed slightly forward, listening. He stands so for a long time.

At last he brings his glance back from among the shadows to the tree at his side. He bares his left hand and touches, lightly, with his finger-tip a small gash in the bark. It is the wound made by an arrow. Someone has been here; someone who should not have been here; someone unfriendly.

The man draws on his glove. He turns his head slowly from side to side, deciding from whence the arrow has come. He seems to sniff the air. Somewhere there is a noise in the woods—a bird, an animal . . . a man?

Suddenly the man removes both gloves and holds them in his teeth. He bends his knee and raises his right foot. With swift fingers he looses the fastening of his snowshoe and, without setting his foot upon the ground, reverses it, strapping it on with the point

forward. In a moment he has reversed the other shoe also. Then, leaving a backward trail, he disappears among the trees.

MARIE ANGE'S WEDDING [1]

ONE morning, as we sat at breakfast, Narcisse drove past the window and drew up at the back door. Presently Honore stood curtseying in the door with Narcisse grinning behind her. Narcisse was an old friend to whom we were already indebted for much kindness. He had come to tell us that his daughter, Marie Ange, was to marry Victor Content, and to invite us to the wedding.

Narcisse's village was twenty-five miles away, so, on the wedding day, we set out at seven o'clock in the morning. At first the road was wide and good. Hundreds of cords of fine wood were stacked along either side. By and by the land became stony, the farms fewer, and the houses poorer. Yet everywhere we met happy people who greeted us with smiles.

It was afternoon before we reached Narcisse's home. Narcisse came hurrying down to open the gate for us and to take our tired horses to the stable. Francine, his bustling wife, escorted us into the gaily decorated little house. It was only a cube of squared logs chinked with moss and lime, but little flags flew from every window and corner; while the white flag of France shook out its golden lilies from a pole near the door.

Inside, a partition of boards divided the space into two rooms. In the opening in the partition stood a three-decker iron stove. It burns three-foot logs in winter; and in summer, when they cook in a shed, the great stove serves as a refrigerator. Snowshoes, old guns,

[1] Rewritten from *From My Quebec Scrap-Book*, Fairchild.

and a few bright-coloured pictures hung upon the walls. The rough wooden floor was bare, but scrubbed as white as snow. A spinning-wheel stood in one corner; a heavy table was pushed against the opposite wall.

The second room was the family bedroom. The father, mother, and babies slept in a great four-poster. Under it two low cribs, or trundle-beds, were pushed against the wall. At night they drew these out and put the younger children to bed in them. The older boys and girls slept in the attic above.

Seventy neighbours gathered at the wedding. As soon as the ceremony was over, we sat down to dinner. It was set out on a long board table under the poplar trees. There was a huge ham, pyramids of hard-boiled eggs, and a great dish of ragout. Next came pies: meat pies, fruit pies, jam pies, molasses pies. We had beer and tea to drink.

Dinner over, the whole party packed itself into wagons, carts, buckboards, and democrats. With the bride and groom leading, we drove in procession about the neighbourhood till dusk, when all returned for supper.

After supper the guests seated themselves in two long rows with Marie Ange and Victor at the head. The singer or chanteur sang, addressing a stanza to the bride, and another to the groom. The bride's mother, Francine, then seated herself between the two and sang.

After this the dancing began and was kept up till dawn, when the tired merrymakers crept away to the barn, haymow, or strawstack to sleep till noon. At twelve o'clock they rose and began all over again, for the wedding festivities last three days for those guests who can stay so long.

We did not stay for the second day's feasting, however, but made our adieux and began our long drive home soon after breakfast.

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

THE CALECHE

THE CALECHE

THIS quaint two-wheeled carriage has been in use for generations, and is still driven up and down the hilly streets of Quebec. A circle of smart caleches ready to take the visitor driving, stands to-day about the fountain in the Place d'Armes as it has stood any time these two hundred years.

In the old days, the caleche had no hood and very indifferent springs. The beautiful ladies and gay gentlemen who were driven up the hill to Frontenac's balls must have been jolted sadly.

In contrast to his plain turn-out, the driver of those days was a dashing figure. He wore a beaver coat lined with brilliant red or yellow. (Such a coat cost only twelve or fifteen dollars then.) His tuque was scarlet, his gloves of soft tanned beaver, and round his waist he wore a "ceinture flèche," or arrowed sash.

The ceinture flèche was knitted by the wives of the

habitants who made it according to a secret pattern which has long been lost. It was made of wool and dyed with colour drawn from the bark of a tree. It took three winters to knit one. The habitants sometimes gave them to the Indian chiefs to win their favour. As arrowed sashes are no longer made, they cannot be bought to-day. Some of these which have come down to us are known to be one hundred and fifty years old.

But our modern caleche with its yellow striped wheels, gay blanket, and bit of carpet for the feet has been waiting for us this long time. That driver with the red coat beckons us with his whip. He will drive us about the city and point out the places of interest.

When we are seated, and our driver has tucked the rug round our knees, he turns his horse toward the west up St. Louis Street. The caleche jogs along with a pleasant rocking motion which is really very comfortable.

St. Louis Street is at first quite narrow, with straight faced houses on either hand. Down a little entry on the right is the tree-shaded entrance to the Ursuline Convent. Up another, on our left, the outworks of the citadel are seen. Rattling through the St. Louis gate, we come upon the lovely lawns about the Houses of Parliament.

After this, the street is much wider, with handsome modern buildings on either side, till you come to the "Plains of Abraham,"[1] the famous battlefield where Canada was won by the British. The field where the armies fought has been made into a park; its green slopes smiling with trees and flowers stretch away to the gleaming river. Our caleche man will tell the story of the fight twice over; but we would rather enjoy the beautiful view than remember forgotten wars.

[1] So called because they were once Abraham Martin's fields.

The afternoon is already waning, and there is still much to see. Our driver brings us back to the city along St. John Street where the shops and restaurants are. Turning northward we drive down the steep hill, past the Duchesse d'Aiguillon's Hôtel Dieu, past Talon's brewery into the Lower Town. Turning westward we will drive round the base of the great cliff; its rocky face towers up on our right hand all the way.

Now we wind in and out among the dark and narrow streets where De la Mothe, the great merchant, had his warehouses. Our driver points out the entrance to Sous le Cap Street, which is too narrow to drive through. We pass the ancient church of Notre Dame des Victoires sitting sidewise on her little hill, pass the place near the foot of Sous le Fort Street where Champlain built his Habitation, and so into the Champlain Market.

It is Friday and the market is not yet over. Farmers have their stout two-wheeled carts tilted down to the ground to show the fruit and vegetables for sale. The market women sit in circles with their butter and eggs, their chickens and flowers, in baskets on their knees. On a square block sit several little boys and girls in their Sunday clothes, quite grave and still, waiting till their mothers have sold their produce. Here come a group of nuns with their baskets to buy supplies for the convent. A man in one corner shouts as he auctions off live fowl. Ladies from the Upper Town jostle city dealers come for fresh vegetables. Here are some sailors from the warship in the river. There is a confused noise of chattering, cackling, hissing, shouting, and grunting. A man with a pig struggling in a sack under his arm pushes through the crowd. Everyone falls back laughing.

Our two hours are almost over. The caleche man

rattles us up Mountain Street where De Tracy's glittering procession walked; where Phips' envoy was led, blindfold, to Frontenac; where a thousand interesting things have happened. Too soon we draw up beside the fountain, and must get down from our caleche.

OLD-TIME JOURNEYS

In the earliest times, people travelled in canoes in summer, and upon snowshoes in winter. The water trails were well known and easily followed; the forest roads were more difficult. Especially in winter, when the frequently falling snow continually blotted out the trail, men were often lost in the woods.

As the seigniories filled slowly with settlers, travel between one village and another increased. The habitants soon devised a scheme to show the way. A few of them had a "bee" and cut down several loads of small sapin, or spruce trees. These they set upright in the deep snow on either side of the road from their farms to the village. The trees were placed a few yards apart, and a space wide enough for teams to pass was left between the two rows.

This way of marking out the roads proved very successful. Soon "balised" or "sapined " roads were laid out in every part of the colony. The government took it up, and passed an ordinance requiring owners of land along the highways to bush-mark the trails in winter. Each man was made responsible for that part of the road which lay through his farm. In 1709, the road from Quebec to Montreal was balised. The authorities ordered that the sapins on this trail should be six feet high and twenty-four feet apart.

The next step was to survey and build proper roads. The first one laid out was from Levis to Kamouraska, on the south shore. By 1713, the road from Quebec to Montreal on the north shore had been opened. The roads were made by the habitants under the direction of a "grand voyer" or road master. The grand voyer was usually an officer of the Canadian militia, a seigneur, or the son of a seigneur, who knew the country and the habitants. As a rule the work went forward rapidly.

In 1721, stages first ran between Quebec and Montreal, but it was not till 1730 that a good carriage-going road between the two towns was completed. The stages of those days were heavy lumbering things. The body was rather like the body of a closed motor car. The driver occupied a hooded seat in front. The coach carried from six to eight passengers inside and two with the driver. The luggage was placed on the flat top of the coach which was enclosed by a low railing, or strapped on behind. Some coaches had a rack called a "boot" swung below for luggage.

It is one hundred and seventy miles from Quebec to Montreal. The early roads were merely rough tracks infested with stones, stumps and logs. The first coaches made the journey in from three to five days. There were twenty-four post-houses along the road where travellers could sleep and eat.

Grown-up passengers paid fifteen dollars for an inside seat, and ten for a place beside the driver. Children under seven paid half-price. Twenty pounds of luggage were carried free for each passenger. The stage left the Neptune Inn opposite Notre Dame Street in Quebec Lower Town every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning. It set out on the return journey from Clamp's

Coffee House, Montreal, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

In this same year of 1721, mail began to be carried regularly in Canada for the first time. Thomas de la Naudière was the first mail man. He made a contract with the intendant to carry the mail from Quebec to Montreal for a period of twenty years.

Later the proprietors of the post-houses carried the mail from one house to the next. Each proprietor was required by law to have four caleches in summer and as many carioles (sleighs) in winter. When a traveller called for a carriage, the post-house keeper was obliged to have one ready for him in a quarter of an hour by day, or half an hour by night; otherwise he was fined. He was required also to drive at the rate of two leagues an hour.

In the winter of 1811, a road was opened between Quebec and Boston. Josiah Styles ran this stage. It left St. John's gate in the Upper Town every Sunday morning at four o'clock, reaching the boundary on Wednesday night and Boston on Saturday. This was good driving.

The opening of the Boston road enabled the farmers of the Eastern Townships to bring their produce to the Quebec market. Meat and dairy products became quite cheap in the city, and living much more reasonable than in earlier days.

MARKETING IN OLD QUEBEC

By 1676, Quebec had grown into a good-sized village. The point of land between the cliff and the river was well covered with houses. The Château St. Louis with its row of cannon was built at the edge of the rock;

while behind it, in a scattered circle round the Place d'Armes, stood the church, the seminary, the hospital, the brewery, the Récollets' School, and the Ursuline Convent. Among these public buildings, the nobles had built a number of handsome private houses; and still further back lay a group of tidy farms: the Héberts', Abraham Martin's, Couillard's, and others.

The country people had long been in the habit of bringing their produce to the city and peddling it from door to door. As farming increased and improved, the townspeople depended more and more upon supplies from the farms. In 1676, for the convenience of both parties, a public market was set up. It was held in the square then called La Place, where the church of Our Lady of the Victories now stands. The church was built twelve years later.

Let us imagine that it is a bright September morning in 1676 and that we may walk round the market to see what the habitants have for sale. It is eight o'clock. As we hurry down Mountain Street, the church bell rings to announce the opening of the market. La Place is already crowded with citizens, for at ten o'clock the merchants are allowed to come in to buy stocks for their shops, and after that there is little chance for a householder to make a good bargain.

The farmers stand by their carts; the women sit with their baskets about them. The carts are piled high with turnips, corn, pumpkins, measures of rye, oats, and barley. The baskets contain eggs, butter, cheese, maple sugar, here and there a dressed fowl. You will be surprised to notice that there are no potatoes. Potatoes were not grown in Canada for nearly one hundred years after this.

In the north-west corner of the square, at the head of a lane which runs down to the Cul de Sac, there is a

huge pile of bags. They contain flour. Each habitant has his wheat ground in his seigneur's mill as the law requires. He then sacks and ships it by boat from his parish up or down the river. It has been landed at the Cul de Sac, and is now stacked here ready to sell.

That chattering crowd of women on the other side of the square are gathered round a fish stall. La Place is the only market in the city where fish may be sold. This is Friday, and each good Catholic mother is determined to take home a bit of fish for the family dinner.

Here is a stout, fresh-faced Canadienne with a great basket of handwork beside her. She has a web of dark blue homespun, a length of coarse handwoven linen, a dozen pairs of socks, and there, in the bottom of the basket, a "ceinture flèche." What a beauty it is, the arrow pattern so carefully reproduced. Madame has had it at market three different weeks; but she knows its value and will not sell except for a good price.

Her neighbour has a handsome square of rag carpet for sale, a basket of woollen mittens, and a voyageur's sash knitted in scarlet. That old woman near the pile of flour sacks is doing a brisk business in "bonnets rouge," or red tuques. The young men round her seem likely to buy out her stock. On one side, a young mother buys homespun flannel for her baby's petticoat. On the other, a fine lady in a rich velvet gown bargains for a live goose which one of the market women has by her in a box. Near the entrance to the square, a group of squaws from Indian Lorette do a flourishing business in baskets, moccasins, toboggans, and snowshoes.

Suddenly a bell is heard. Here comes the town bellman pushing through the crowd. He calls out that a sloop with cattle, sheep, and pigs for sale has just anchored in the Cul de Sac. In one hour the sale will begin. All those who wish to buy must be on board at

the hour named; all except butchers, who must wait three hours after the bellman's announcement before they may purchase.

Marketing was not nearly so simple a matter in those days as it is now. The rules were many and strict. No farmer might sell his produce on the streets or at the house doors during market hours. He was obliged to offer it for sale in the square. Traders were not allowed to meet the farmer outside the city and buy from him there, and they were required to wait till ten o'clock in summer, and twelve in winter, before entering the market to buy. Hotel-keepers were also forbidden to do their buying before the market opened. All was arranged to give the citizen buyer the first chance.

Fly-blown meat, tainted fish or vegetables, all veal under three weeks old were forfeited. Only five persons in the town had the right to tan leather and to sell it. Hucksters were not allowed to offer their wares on the streets leading to the market. If they wished to sell, they were required to take their allotted place in the square. This rule protected the farmers.

In 1676, butter was selling for twelve to sixteen sous the pound, forty pounds of wheat were worth about six francs, one hundred planks ten feet by ten inches by one inch sold for fifty francs.[1] An ox, eight years old, brought two hundred francs; a pig, forty-five to fifty. Hired men earned thirty to forty écus[1] yearly, while masons and carpenters made forty sous[1] a day. There were no apprentices, and anyone could set up for himself in any business which he wished.

[1] Before the Great War a franc was worth about nineteen cents; and a sou, one cent. An écu is an obsolete French coin which in the old days was worth about sixty cents.

THE CHÂTEAU ST. LOUIS

For two hundred years the Château St. Louis was the principal building in Quebec. Champlain laid the foundation stone of the fort in 1620. Many a summer morning he climbed the hill with Helen, his young wife, beside him to oversee the workmen and watch the walls rise.

It was a very small fort in those days, but strong even then, for its foundations were sunk deep in the rocky hill. There were but two storeys at first and a roof over part of it. Champlain's few guns were mounted on a gallery which faced the river. He and his wife moved into the castle as soon as there was a roof to shelter them. It was not finished for more than twenty years; but there Champlain lived and died, and there lived the governors of Canada for many generations.

Frontenac, who loved pomp and splendour, rebuilt Château St. Louis in 1694. He enlarged it greatly, and arranged the interior that he might entertain his guests at feasts and balls. Many a brilliant assemblage was held in his day. In his splendid audience room, Phips' envoy received his answer; and in the great bedroom whose windows looked down the river, the old warrior died.

Princes and the fathers of princes were entertained there. Villains were confined in the dungeons in the rock; women dreamed of dancing in the hall; generals planned their campaigns as they walked upon the battlements. When the British attack threatened, the sons of Canada came from far and near to build up the walls of stone, and to make of their bodies a living wall to defend their country. Many an anxious council was held in old St. Louis in those days.

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE CHÂTEAU

The British won Canada. British governors and generals replaced the French upon the bulwarks and in the halls. British ladies and their fair-haired daughters came to dine and dance where the dark-eyed French women had smiled. The ancient castle which had withstood the storms of two hundred years and weathered two sieges, dreamed above the blue river, unheeding those who came and went.

Then, one winter morning, a small fire kindled. It began in the third storey, and burned slowly downwards. The day was very cold. The hand engines were frozen up. The hose was supplied with warm water by the breweries and the convents; but the fire could not be stayed. At sunset the proud old castle lay in ruins.

For fifty years part of the space where the old château stood lay vacant. The citizens used it for a garden, and a terraced walk was built there. At last, the day of forts and wars being somewhat past, the Canadian Pacific raised that fort of peace, a great hotel, the Château Frontenac, upon the ancient site.

THE WOMEN OF NEW FRANCE

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE SWEEP WELL

THERE were just two classes of women in old Quebec: housekeepers and nuns. No girl in those days needed to earn her living in a store or office, to study nursing or teaching. In spite of the shipload of wives sent out by the King, there were never enough women to take care of the homes and bring up the children.

The nuns lived in the convents and helped to educate the girls of the colony. Others worked in the hospitals or went out to nurse the sick in the filthy Indian villages.

The nuns did not live softly; but the housekeepers spent their lives in crushing toil. They were usually married at sixteen and brought up families ranging from twelve to twenty in number. Remember, they not only cooked and washed for their families, but spun, wove, and made everything they wore as well. The dairy and garden work was always done by the women. In summer, during the busy season, they helped the men in the fields; in winter, they knitted caps, mits, scarfs, sashes, and wove homespun linen and flannel for sale.

City wives did all their own work, but they were not so overworked as the country women. Peter Kaln tells us that the women of Quebec and Montreal were very handsome, witty, well-bred, and well dressed. On week days, he says, they wore neat jackets and short petticoats; but on Sundays they appeared resplendent in silk gowns, high-heeled shoes, and having their hair curled and decorated with shining bodkins.

They were not very careful housekeepers, Peter thought. Kaln was a famous Swedish naturalist used to Dutch and Scandinavian cleanliness. He seems to have been rather shocked by what he saw in Quebec. Instead of sweeping their floors they wet them several times a day to keep the dust down, he writes. They scrubbed only once in six months, and hardly ever cleaned house.

The young ladies of Quebec he admired very much, but thought them rather lazy. They rose at seven, and after dressing themselves carefully and drinking their coffee, they left their mothers all the work to do while they seated themselves by the window with their sewing. They put in a stitch now and then, he says, but spent most of their time looking out of the window to see and talk to any young men who went by. The Montreal girls did not do this because the young men from the King's ships seldom went to Montreal.

In making these remarks I imagine that Kaln must have been thinking of a very few girls, the daughters of the rich city merchants. There were not many families in old Quebec who could afford to let their daughters sit idle.

If the women worked hard they had their reward. Their husbands and sons appreciated them. Canadian women have, from the earliest times, been the partners and comrades of their husbands. Canadian wives have

PROCESSION TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

always helped their husbands out of doors; and Canadian husbands help their wives in the house. It is this fine comradeship between the fathers and mothers which makes Canadian homes the happiest in the world.

Fathers appreciated their daughters too, and when they married gave them as good plenishings as they could afford. When Madeleine Boucher, the daughter of the Governor of Three Rivers, was married, her father gave her two hundred francs in money, four sheets, two tablecloths, six table napkins, a mattress, two blankets, two dishes, six spoons, six tin plates, a pot, a kettle, a table, two benches, a kneading trough, a chest with a lock and key, a cow, and a pair of hogs.

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

The church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré has been a famous shrine almost from the beginning. Beaupré was the sixth parish to be formed in the colony. It lies along the north shore of the St. Lawrence about twenty miles down the river from Quebec. Ste. Anne is the patroness of the sailors who, in the old days, fired salutes as they passed her church to thank her for having brought them safely through the dangers of the river.

In 1658 Louis Guirmont lived at Beaupré. He was an elderly man, lame and bent nearly double with rheumatism. One morning he went into the church and, with many groans, knelt down before the statue of the good Ste. Anne to make his devotions. When he had finished his prayers, he hobbled out and placed three stones in the foundation of the new chapel. Suddenly his rheumatism left him. He stood straight up and walked easily. "A miracle," said all the people.

Hearing how Louis had been cured, other sick folk hurried off to ask the good Ste. Anne to cure them. In 1665, Mother Marie writing to her son in France told him about it. "Seven leagues from here," she wrote, "there is a church dedicated to Ste. Anne, in which our Lord vouchsafes to work great prodigies. There may be seen the paralytic made to walk, the blind receiving their sight, and the sick, no matter what their malady may be, regaining their health."

The Marquis de Tracy, Intendant Talon, and Bishop Laval all made pilgrimages to the shrine of the Bonne Ste. Anne. When the Huron Indians were slaughtered by the Iroquois, the few who escaped and reached Quebec went to Ste. Anne de Beaupré to pray for safety. So thankful were they to be there, that many of them crept on their knees from the shore to the shrine.

Since those days thousands of sick people have gone to Ste. Anne and many have returned whole. Every day in the week you may see cripples carried into the church upon stretchers, or blind people guided to the shrine by their friends.

CARD MONEY

During the first seventy-five years of her life Canada had no money. Beaver skins, moose skins, fish, and wheat were used as currency. The people managed pretty well with these, though men often quarrelled over the payment of very small debts. You might owe a neighbour a quarter of a beaver skin, but if you cut the skin into four pieces it was worth little or nothing.

When the soldiers came to Canada with De Tracy, and in Frontenac's time, the government found it very

difficult to pay them their wages in kind. The men could not use skins, or fish, or wheat; they wanted money which they could use in Canada, in France, or anywhere.

In 1685 De Meulles, the intendant, invented "card money." Common playing-cards were stamped upon the back with the fleur-de-lys and a crown. Signed by the governor, the intendant, and the clerk of the treasury at Quebec, they became legal tender. To make the smaller pieces, De Meulles cut his cards into halves and quarters, each part being stamped and signed. This is believed to have been the beginning of the use of paper money which has since spread all over the world.

INTENDANT BIGOT

FROM the days of Talon, Quebec had many careful intendants; yet, just when she needed a good one most, she was saddled with an extremely bad one.

During the fifty years following 1700, the Canadians and Americans (who were then British) were constantly making war upon one another. At last, in 1756, a really big war broke out between the French and British. It was called the Seven Years' War because it lasted seven years.

This time the British in America determined to take Canada from the French for good and all. They brought men, money and ships over from Britain to help them. King Louis sent money and men to his colony also. Then the two countries settled down to fight it out. At first the war went rather against the British, for the Canadians were splendid soldiers and had a noble leader. But the British had more men and more money, and, in the end, they won.

There were many reasons why the French lost Canada. One of these was François Bigot. Bigot was a clever young man who had a great deal of influence at the French court. He was commissary at Louisburg when the fortress which defended the mouth of the St. Lawrence fell before the British attack. People said that Bigot's misuse of the public money helped to lose Louisburg. In spite of this he was made Intendant of Canada.

Bigot reached Quebec late in August, 1748. As the years passed he had himself appointed to many other offices. He was contractor-general for the army, Indian agent, collector of customs, dictator of the markets and of prices, Minister of Finance and of Public Works. All these positions gave him immense power over the money of the country, and he used his power to enrich himself.

Bigot had a thousand ways of cheating the King and the country. He seized the cattle and corn of the habitants, telling them the King required it. These he shipped to France. When he had stripped the country bare, and the people were starving, he told the King that there was a famine in Canada and begged him to send help. He then, through his agents in France, sold to the King at a high price the cattle and corn he had stolen from the Canadians. The King shipped these supplies back to his intendant in Canada to save his people from famine. Bigot, as intendant, received these stores and, at exorbitant rates, sold back to the starving Canadians their own cattle and corn. Thus he put two profits in his pocket, and this was only one of his many schemes.

In a few years Bigot had reduced the Canadian farmers to despair. They dared not sell except to the intendant; they could not buy except from him. He established a great store in Quebec. The people called

it "La Friponne"—"The Swindle." Here, he bought cheap and sold dear. If the people dealt elsewhere, he found means to punish them. "La Friponne" did so well in Quebec that one was opened in Montreal also.

While the people were eating grass for misery, Intendant Bigot was entertaining his friends at great dinners and balls in the palace he had made out of Talon's brewery. Twenty to forty people sat down at his table nightly. After dinner there was dancing with a fine supper to follow; and still later in the night, gambling and drunkenness.

On one occasion Bigot found it necessary to go to Montreal to meet the governor. Instead of going by single sleigh, he planned a party. Seven or eight officers and their wives were invited. They were asked to send their luggage to the palace the day before that it might be sent in advance. An order was sent forward to the habitants who lived along the road which, on pain of imprisonment, required them to level the snowdrifts, tramp down the road with their oxen, and provide relays of fresh horses. Bed linen, table service, and cooking utensils were carried; cooks, servants, and attendants accompanied the party.

After a grand dinner at the palace, they set out in twenty sleighs. At Point-aux-Trembles they stopped for the night, and the whole party supped at Bigot's expense. The partitions had been taken out of the house to make a room large enough for their pleasure. After supper they betook themselves to dancing and cards.

The next afternoon, the governor and his friends, who had driven out from Montreal to meet them, joined the party. Followed another feast and evening of high play. The next day they reached Montreal where the intendant, no doubt, had a little business and a great deal of pleasure.

With such a man at the head of affairs it is small wonder that the Canadians could not save their country from the British. When the war was over and Canada lost, Bigot was recalled to France. He was brought to trial and forced to restore part of the money he had stolen. He was imprisoned in the Bastille for a year, and then banished for life. But they do say that, even after he had paid his fine, he carried enough away with him to keep him in affluence as long as he lived. It is to be hoped he enjoyed his fortune, for his name has ever since been a synonym for all that is knavish and mean.

MONTCALM

Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, was the general whom King Louis sent out to lead the army in Canada against the British. As a boy at school, Montcalm was a very bad writer; his schoolmaster frequently punished him for his carelessness, but he never seems to have improved. He was very clever in other studies, however, and very ambitious to excel.

Montcalm married a relative of Intendant Talon and had ten children whom he loved very dearly. He was a very warm-hearted, affectionate man who found it very lonely in far-off Quebec without his family. He wrote many interesting letters to them which you may read some day. A friend brought news that one of his daughters had died, but he could not tell which one. It was weeks before Montcalm received letters; meantime he was torn with anxiety. "It is sure to be poor Mirete," he said sadly, "because I love her so."

When Montcalm was chosen by the King to lead the

armies of Canada against the British, he left his pleasant home in southern France, and went at once to Paris. On the journey he studied diligently Charlevoix's *History of Canada*. In Paris, he presented his eldest son, of whom he was very proud, to the King. He then ordered the necessary supplies for his soldiers, paid all his debts, arranged his will, wrote a letter of farewell to his wife, and sailed from Brest for Canada.

After thirty-eight days of stormy voyage they cast anchor thirty miles below Quebec. Montcalm had himself rowed ashore and driven up to the city. He was welcomed by Bigot at a grand dinner. Montcalm was amazed at the splendour of the affair which, he said, could hardly have been surpassed in Paris. In a country engaged in war, and reported to be very poor, it hardly seemed wise.

On his arrival, Montcalm found that he was to have command only over the regular soldiers who had come from France. The Canadian militia, a strong, brave, and determined force, was commanded by Vaudreuil, the governor. Montcalm himself was expected to act under the instructions of the governor. A divided army is always in danger, and when its two commanders are both high-spirited, ambitious men, trouble is almost sure to follow.

At first Vaudreuil and Bigot were very friendly towards Montcalm; but finding that he was an honourable man, caring only to save the colony, they changed, and hampered him in every possible way. In each of three summers Montcalm went out against the British and won brilliant victories. But Vaudreuil wasted and divided the troops, while Bigot wasted the food and stores. Montcalm could do nothing to stop them.

In spite of Montcalm's splendid fighting, the British pressed in upon Canada. The Ohio was taken in the

S. J. Hayward, Montreal

THE ST. LOUIS GATE

west, Louisburg fell in the east. The British prepared to attack Quebec itself.

Driven back into the heart of the country, Montcalm improved the fortifications of the city, called in every available soldier, and did all that man could do to save the colony. But it was not to be. Too much cheating, gambling, and stealing had gone on. Canada was now too feeble to defend herself. Vaudreuil, Bigot, and their followers seemed bent upon destruction. They hindered Montcalm at every point. On the very night preceding the battle, when Montcalm had ordered soldiers to guard the cliff up which the British climbed, Vaudreuil countermanded the order, telling the men to stay where they were.

In the morning, while the British were marching across Abraham Martin's fields against the city, Montcalm asked for twenty-five guns and the governor gave him only three. He had only eight small battalions of

HOUSE IN WHICH WOMEN OF ANCIENT QUEBEC LIVED AND WORKED.

regulars to lead against the enemy. They were soon swept away, and Montcalm himself mortally wounded.

Two soldiers held him on his horse as he rode down the *grande allée* and in at the St. Louis gate. The doctor told him he had only a few hours to live. "So much the better," he said sadly, "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He is buried in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent.

JAMES WOLFE

THE leader of the British at the battle of the Plains of Abraham was one of the youngest of our great generals. James Wolfe was the son, the grandson, and the great-grandson of soldiers and was himself a soldier born. His mother was a tall and handsome woman. He thought there was no one like her.

Wolfe was never strong. He grew very quickly to the great height of six feet three inches, and his body never seemed to recover its strength. He suffered much from rheumatism. He is said to have been a very plain-looking young man. He had red hair and a receding forehead and chin, so that his profile showed an obtuse angle with the point at the end of his nose. He was very pale but flushed easily, and when excited became fiery red in the face. Only his firm mouth and flashing blue eyes were handsome. He was, however, a very friendly person and everyone liked him.

In his last portraits he is shown wearing a square-cut scarlet coat, after the English style, while the rolled-back collar exposes the lacework of his shirt. His knotted hair falls down between his shoulders, and he wears a three-cornered, gold-laced hat. On his feet are gaiters,

ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

and a sword is in his belt, while on his arm he bears a band of crepe, for at this time he was in mourning for his father.

Wolfe had little schooling; he became a soldier at fourteen. He and his father went off together; but the lad was soon taken ill and sent home again to his mother. The next year he was made an officer, and from then to the end of his short life he was with the army.

The Seven Years' War had been going on three years, and going on very badly for the British. Montcalm was winning splendid victories while the incompetent British generals talked and fussed. When Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga had already been won by Montcalm, William Pitt, the British Prime Minister, sent Wolfe to America to help in taking Louisburg.

Louisburg was then the greatest fortress in America. It guarded the entrance to the St. Lawrence. The British came up with a strong fleet under "Old Dreadnought" Boscawen and an army of twelve thousand

men under General Amherst. Amherst was not himself a clever officer, but unlike Vaudreuil with Montcalm, he gave the brilliant young Wolfe a chance. After several days of tumbling about in the great waves, Wolfe found a place to get the men ashore. When all were landed, they besieged Louisburg which presently fell.

Wolfe was now a marked man. He spent the following winter, 1758–59, at home with his people. Pitt made him a general and, in February, sent him back with a large fleet and a small army to take Quebec.

WOLFE'S COVE

On June 26 they sailed up and anchored before the city. It was not a very comfortable place to be; great winds came down the river, and the French sent fireships down with the tide. But the stupid Vaudreuil made Montcalm withdraw his troops from the Levis shore opposite the city, and Wolfe quickly seized the place and encamped his men.

Then began a weary time. The British ships could not climb up the cliffs; the French would not come down and fight. The days drifted on. Wolfe was made really ill by his anxiety.

September at last arrived. It was now or never. Wolfe was still weak in body, but his mind cleared with danger. As at Louisburg, he found a cove a little way above the city where it was just possible to land

his men. While pretending to attack Beauport below Quebec, he landed his men one dark night in this cove near the city. Quickly they climbed up the steep hill and formed in battle array in Abraham Martin's fields. Hindered as he was, Montcalm had little chance. Before noon the British had won the battle of the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, and Canada.

Wolfe, like his great enemy Montcalm, fell that day. Two soldiers carried him aside.

"They run! They run! 'Egad, they give way everywhere!" shouted an officer near.

"Who run?" asked Wolfe, rousing himself.

"The French, sir!" replied the officer, straining his eyes across the plain.

"Then I die content!" said Wolfe, and almost as he spoke, he died.

On the spot where he fell a tall shaft has been raised which says simply:

HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS.

Better still, between the castle and the citadel, in the governor's garden, the heart of the old, old city, there is a splendid monument which carries Wolfe's name upon one side and Montcalm's upon the other.

Thus the old Quebec became the new; and French and British join hands, inheriting the glory of the past and looking courageously toward the unknown future.

FINIS

Made At The Temple Press
IN GREAT BRITAIN

J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.

224 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Five Selected Volumes

in the Kings Treasuries of Literature

FAMILIAR FIELDS

By PETER McARTHUR. Delightful Nature sketches by one of Canada's best known and best loved essayists This volume is No. 127A of the Kings Treasuries of Literature. Cloth, gilt. 35 cents.

MORE ANIMAL STORIES

By C. G. D. ROBERTS. A book of stories about animals by the well-known Canadian novelist and naturalist. Kings Treasuries No. 103. Cloth, gilt. 35 cents.

SAGAS OF THE SEA

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN. True stories of Nova Scotia ships and seamen from the earliest days of the maritime province up to the Great War. Kings Treasuries No. 103A. Illustrated. Cloth, gilt. 35 cents.

UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

By ALAN SULLIVAN. In the northern wilderness, life, for man and beast, is reduced to its simplest terms. These stories, in their power and simplicity, are convincing in the extreme; from first page to last they are vivid, intense with the intensity of the north, and each story is a human document. Kings Treasuries No. 163. Cloth, gilt. 45 cents.

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE

By GEORGE H. LOCKE. Giving Canada's stirring history during the two hundred years when her fortunes were hanging in the balance between France and England. Kings Treasuries No. 103B. Illustrated. Cloth, gilt. 35 cents.

★

A full list of the Kings Treasuries post free on request

New Books of Canadian Interest

THE BLACK CANYON

By B. A. McKELVIE. A rapidly moving tale for boys about a certain Black Canyon in the wilds of British Columbia and the strange things that took place therein. In every way a capital story well told. Cloth. Cr. 8vo. $1.75.

THE FAR WEST COAST

By V. L. DENTON. A hundred years of adventure and discovery on the Pacific Coast of America. With Illustrations and Maps. Cloth. Cr. 8vo. $1.50.

HULDOWGET

By B. A. McKELVIE. A strange story of the Pacific Coast with a startling strain of the weird running through it. It describes the unending conflict between Indian superstition and the convictions of the white settler—one of the problems of to-day. Cloth. Cr. 8vo. $2.00.

THE KINGDOM OF THE SUN

By A. M. STEPHEN. A romance of the Far West Coast, describing the exploits of a "gentleman adventurer" sailing under Drake in the *Golden Hind*, and how he met the Princess Auria, a fair-haired neophyte of the tribes of warring Indians. The author, who lives in the district about which he writes, paints a convincing and authentic brckground for his thrilling and picturesque story. Cloth. Cr. 8vo. $2.00.

MOTHER NATURE STORIES

By R. S. SHERMAN. Delightful animal stories of the type children love, but based on actual observation and dealing with Canada's own nature children. Illustrated. Cloth. Demy 8vo. $1.50.

ROVERS OF THE VALLEY

By A. H. BALL. The adventures of a patrol of seven Canadian boy scouts who pitch their summer camp in the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley. In the course of his lively story Mr. Ball expounds simply but with satisfying detail the arts of camping. With two Coloured Illustrations and many Line Drawings. Cloth. Large Cr. 8vo. $1.75.

THE SCARLET SASH

By J. M. ELSON. A stirring novel of the Niagara Frontier during the war of 1812–14. Cloth. Cr. 8vo. $2.00.